

# The TATLER

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London, August 26, 1931

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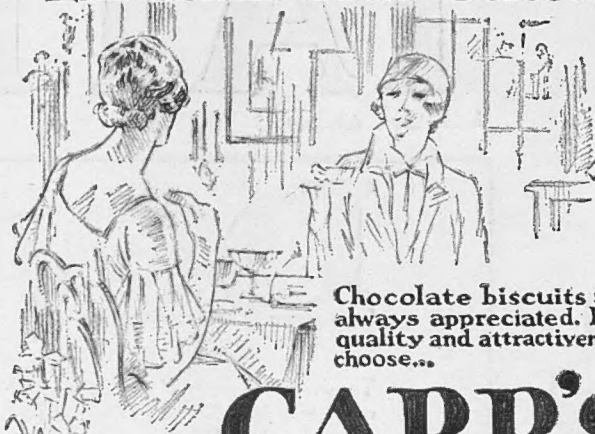
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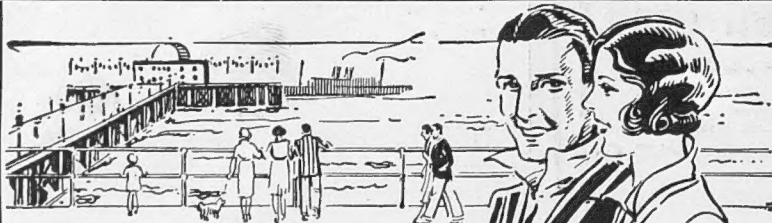
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London, August 26, 1931

POSTAGE: Inland 2d.; Canada and  
Newfoundland, 11d.; Foreign, 34d.

Price One Shilling



W. Davis

## AN AIR RAID LONDON WELCOMED !

A wonderful picture of the great German airship, "Graf Zeppelin," as she passed over the heart of London during her recent cruise. Quite apart from all else this occurrence provided food for a study in psychology ! The efficacy of lighter than aircraft in war is still a subject upon which there are more opinions than one ; their usefulness in the piping times of peace Dr. Eckener has done perhaps more than anyone else to demonstrate. This ship has been across the Atlantic and back and has never given her distinguished navigator a moment's anxiety





THE LATE SIR ROBERT WILMOT, MISS  
AND MISS NORAH WILMOT AT BINFIELD

Frank Griggs  
SYBIL HARE,  
GROVE, BERKS

The racing and a good many other departments of our social scheme lost someone they could ill afford to do when Sir Robert Wilmot, the veteran trainer, died a week ago. He was unquestionably one of the best-liked men who went racing—a steward of Windsor, near his old school, Eton, a charming person to meet, and one whom we all shall miss. Miss Norah Wilmot is one of his daughters by his second marriage, and now carries on the stable. Miss Sybil Hare is one of the many owners for whom Sir Robert Wilmot trained

#### NORTH BERWICK.

YES, my dear, there's certainly a lot to be said for the healthy life. The South of France, Venice, and Central Europe are all marvellous fun at this time of year, but they do take it out of one. Even if drink, gambling, and being social are not one's particular vices, it's no use pretending that to be hotted up by the sun is infallibly a good thing. Pleasant, yes, and sometimes becoming, given the right shape to start with; but haven't you found that it saps your small store of energy rather faster than it replenishes it? Don't imagine sour-grapeishness has induced this point of view. Nothing untoward occurred to prevent a visit abroad, but Scotland called more insistently.

Up here we are being splendidly hearty, but there seem to be fewer people about than usual. Lord Lurgan and the Esmonds of course. Count Uzielli, the eldest Esmond girl's husband, is said to be the richest living Italian. Rather a distinction. Mrs. Hope-Vere is back from London with good news of her grandson, who has been quite forgiven for having kept everyone waiting for some weeks.

\* \* \*

Lady Angela St. Clair-Erskine (she was Lady Angela Forbes you know, but returned to her maiden name because it is so beautiful) has considerably enlivened North Berwick and is playing really strenuous golf. She will probably go on to stay



ALSO AT STOCKTON: CAPTAIN DUGDALE AND  
LADY MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

Another snapshot from Stockton, where as need hardly be said, the going was definitely more than the official "soft." There was not at the time a square inch of the British Isles that was not as wet as water. Lady Montagu of Beaulieu is the widow of the late peer and the mother of the present one, who was born in 1926

## The Letters of Eve



AT STOCKTON RACES: LORD AND  
LADY CROMWELL

Lord Cromwell is very well known in the hunting and polo worlds, and also gets up and has a ride at the Green-jacket Point-to-Point when occasion offers. He used to be in the 60th, and is now a Major in the Reserve. Lady Cromwell was Miss Freda Cripps

with her daughter, Lady Sinclair, in Caithness as is her annual custom. The Horlicks should have been at their lovely Lutyan's house, Grey Walls, by now, had not their young son John encountered a scarlet fever germ in Venice. They'll be having guests at Gullane later on, but not quite such royal ones as usual now that the "Greeks" have gone off to visit their relations in Germany.

Further north Annie Lady Cowdray has a series of parties at Dunecht in Aberdeenshire to amuse her grand-daughters. I saw that attractive Miss Joan Pearson's engagement was rumoured in the papers, but a denial was quickly forthcoming. One never knows what to believe, does one? There's an exciting *on dit* in the air at the moment of a pending matrimonial plan between a very charming and sporting damsel and an equally athletic peer. Further clues I cannot give you at present.

\* \* \*

The Wimbornes are in Perthshire, but this year their son Ivor won't be there as he's on a business trip in Canada. However, Miss Cynthia Guest is well able to entertain the house parties. I do envy her delicious voice.



Mull is getting very popular. The uncrowned queen of the island is Mrs. Murray Guthrie, of Torosay Castle, but now that



EX-PROVOST DONALD MUNRO, O.B.E., AND  
SIR HARRY LAUDER

Taken just before the Dunecht Ball last week to which these life-long friends went together in the rig appropriate to such an occasion. This pleasing picture was taken at Ravenswood, Banchory, Kincardineshire

Lady Masse-reene has brought a property there she will have to look to her laurels. The latter always has large parties at her house, and everyone enjoys staying there immensely as she is a perfect hostess. She's got the Plunkets and Lord Jersey, a very ardent shot, among her guests just now, and is bound to have a lot more for the Oban gathering.

The Angus Hambros have taken Glenconner for six weeks and their hospitality has included a dance. They have a tall, fair, pretty daughter called Peggy, who is a good golfer, though not yet scratch like her father.



NEXT WEEK'S WEDDING: MR. ROLAND ST. G. HARPER  
AND MISS ELLINOR BOORD

The wedding will take place at Puttenham on September 5 from Puttenham Priory, the beautiful house of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Charles Wood. Miss Ellinor Boord is a sister of Sir Richard Boord, Bart., and the bridegroom is the famous International athlete, an Oxford running Blue and former secretary of the O.U.A.C. He is the son of Lieut.-Colonel R. Tristram Harper, and has been an International hurdler for two years, and is in the same class as Lord Burghley, with whom he was in the team in the recent International contests v. Italy and Germany

Ethelind Terry, in a box, showed off her graceful sinuousness against a background of two stoutish admirers, and, possibly, her mother. She's been in *Nina Rosa*, you know, and I don't think I ever told you what happened when I went to see that show then at the Lyceum. The scene is laid in Peru, so it seemed quite in keeping that one member of our convivial party, mostly fresh from Spain, should be wearing a broad-brimmed Andalusian hat. We all went behind to congratulate Miss Terry (incidentally encountering Princess Helba Huara, who came straight from Peru and has, perhaps wisely, gone straight back), and in the wings met one of the managers. Seeing the afore-said hat he immediately jumped to the conclusion that it was a property one and accused its blameless owner of having stolen it. The latter was naturally rather incensed but, as is his wont on such evenings, had included his solicitor among his accomplices so was in a strong position. It is rumoured that a writ party was subsequently celebrated, but I have no first hand information about that.



AT SCARBOROUGH: THE HON. MRS. MAURICE BRETT AND A FRIEND

Mrs. Maurice Brett is better known to her public as Miss Zena Dare, sister of another beautiful actress, Miss Phyllis Dare. She married Lord Esher's only brother, the Hon. Maurice Brett, in 1911, and they have three children—Antony born in 1913, and two daughters, Angela born 1911, and Marie born 1916

London news, apart from gloomy forebodings of what may emanate from Downing Street, is chiefly concerned with the opening night enthusiasms of *Waltzes from Vienna*. A regular "wow" I'm told, and some people had hardly time to listen, they were so busy applauding. Consequently many last lines were wasted. The audience on the whole dowdy, the Selfridges and Mr. Eddie Marsh being about the only official first nighters. But Mrs. Greville was there with Sir Robert Horne, and Mr. Ernest Emmott, Count Michael Torby, and Mr. Jimmy Smith—since gone to Salzburg with his brother, Lord Hambleden, and their sister "Dede"—also added distinction. Unless a ladder is handy it is impossible to get anything but a long view of Mr. Emmott's face when he is up and about, which is a pity as it's a good-looking one. He's a barrister of the more brilliant variety.

"Hutch" was to be seen, as well as Douglas Byng, who is shortly going to America to entertain the rich of New York. There were one or two theatrical celebrities such as the Herbert Marshalls, and Lilian Davies, very lovely in white.

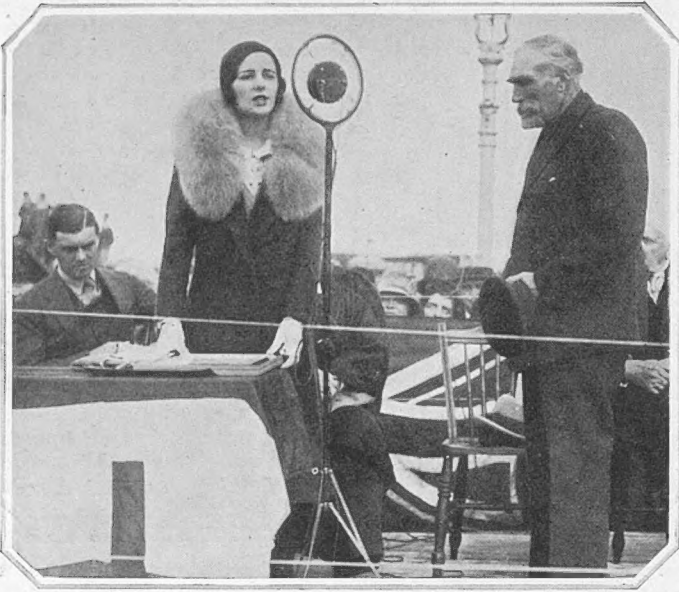
As to Riviera gossip, I have a new supply this week, but if you hope for anything vastly diverting you'll be disappointed. Corsica seems to be pretty sought after since the opening of a luxury hotel at the Ile Rousse. The Cunningham Reids and

(Continued overleaf)



## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Major Jack Coats went for a cruise there, having jointly chartered Sir Warden Chilcott's yacht *Dolphin* for the purpose. Captain Cunningham Reid and his wife are very much at sea for they



LADY HADDINGTON MAKES A PRESENTATION TO  
WALTER FAIRBURN, LIFEBOATSMAN

G. W. Day

Fifty years' service with a lifeboat's crew is a fine record. Walter Fairburn is here being presented with his well-won long service certificate at Dunbar

have their monster sea-green speed-boat in attendance. It can sleep four, and the other day it took them and a party, including Mr. Philip Yorke, to St. Tropez, which is now *the* place to go to for week-ends.

In spite of rough weather plenty of boats have taken to the water. Mr. Loel Guinness's yacht proudly flaunts the White Ensign to which he has just become entitled. Election to the R.Y.S. is, as you know, a very coveted honour and so difficult to achieve that the negotiation by the proverbial camel of the proverbial needle's eye is mere child's play in comparison. I can assure you that envy, hatred, and malice have been not unknown among disappointed candidates.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Loel Guinness's mother, once Lady Churston and now Mrs. Wessel, is staying at Villefranche where her brother-in-law's lovely yacht, *White Shadow*, is anchored. And Villefranche has also been harbouring a literary colony consisting of Alec Waugh, Harold Acton, Eddie Wassermann, and Patrick Balfour.

Such big parties as have occurred have mostly had American hosts. There was a large crowd—including the Grand Duke Boris, Lady Rothermere, Sir Henry and Lady Norman, and Rosita Forbes and husband—at one given by Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, tenants of Lord Aberconway's Château de la Garoupe at Antibes. Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley must be numbered among the amphibian Antibians, while further afield, at Cap Ferrat, Lord and Lady Bearstead have had parties at their desirable residence, and both they and Somerset Maugham have been doing the famous Mr. Andrew Mellon proud. Mr. Teddy Hulton has a villa there too, and Mrs. Walter Rubens as one of his nicest guests.

\* \* \*

Lord David Cecil is also abroad, having gone out to stay with his parents in the Vosges mountains. When he comes home he will have to face the business of getting into the new house he has bought in Edwardes Square.

I must add Lord and Lady Denbigh to my list of voyagers. They have gone quite a distance, to Pitsany in Czecho-Slovakia where Lord Denbigh is trying out the mud baths. When they are in London they live at Berkeley Court which has such an admirable roof garden and is the home of so many well-knowns nowadays. Lady Lawrence, Sir Joseph Lawrence's widow, has lately installed herself there.

Lady Muriel Paget is, I hear, still in Moscow, staying with the Oveys at the British Embassy. She really is splendid the way she works for those 300 English people in Russia who are too old or too poor to come home. She is a prize "beggar" and has managed to raise enough money to keep up a constant supply of food and clothes for her charges. She often takes provisions out herself, sometimes by air.

\* \* \*

A friend of mine who was lately stricken with the green-braces-cum-crocus-gathering disease has written me a long account of his experiences in Tirol. Even allowing for the powers of exaggeration which every traveller in Europe appears to develop after a successful holiday it does seem to be an astounding place.

He went to the Achensee, where Tessa was such a constant nymph, and stayed in a hotel run by the staff for the staff's entertainment. There was no such thing as class distinction. The usual procedure was for the waiters to ask the feminine guests to dance after dinner, and it was a very hardy male who did not issue a like invitation to the chambermaids, for if he failed to do this it generally meant he got no pudding next day, being firmly told that it was "off." They were all such exceptionally good dancers, too, that when the proprietor had a *fiesta* on his birthday two waiters and two maids as well as two guests won competitions. The prize for this was a trip in the hotel chariot to Innsbruck. Naturally the guests sat behind.

\* \* \*

If the day proved to be rainy there was a tense game of "Broken Bottles" organized by the head waiter in the living room. Visitors were allowed to join in provided they showed aptitude. There were other activities. The food was generally of an indefinite nature, and in answer to queries from the curious, the waiters, who had no English, used to imitate the particular beast which had fallen into the hotel cauldron by leaping like a mountain goat or yammering like a chamois. The latter my informant describes as resembling damp gloves to eat. How suitable.

There was a cinema ten miles away open on Saturday evenings only, but unless you wished to stand you had to take your own seat as none were provided.

When a popular visitor left, the entire staff forsook the other guests, who were probably clamouring for service, to wave goodbye from the lakeside till the steamer was out of sight, a matter of about twenty minutes! What fun it all sounds, and all for 7s. a day, but you have to pay extra to get your boots cleaned. No time for more. Thank goodness, I expect you'll say.

—Yours, EVE.

P.S.—I forgot to tell you the good news of the week; Mr. David Tennant—now in Salzburg with his wife—has had a close shave and lost his beard in the process.



AT NAIRNSIDE: SIR THEODORE AND LADY BRINCKMAN'S  
HOUSE PARTY

Nairnside, Sir Theodore Brinckman's Scottish seat, is near Daviot, Inverness-shire. The present Lady Brinckman was Mlle. Elisabeth Bergeraud. In this group are: seated—Mrs. Barclay, Lady Brinckman, and Mrs. Brinckman; standing—Sir Theodore Brinckman, Mr. R. N. Brinckman, his younger son, and Major Wallace



# TO-DAY'S NEW PLAY

The Strand Takes  
"Counsel's Opinion"

Photographs by  
Stage Photo Co.



LAYING DOWN THE LAW: MR. OWEN  
NARES AND MISS ISABEL JEANS

"Counsel's Opinion," which opens to-night, August 26, at the Strand Theatre after a short try-out at the Golders Green Hippodrome, is by Mr. Gilbert Wakefield, and has been specially written for his enchanting wife, Miss Isabel Jeans. Mr. Owen Nares is the barrister hero, who is persuaded to give up his room at an overcrowded hotel by a lovely lady (Miss Jeans, of course), and then, when subsequently asked to take up a divorce case whose details as to time and place seem to fit in with the hotel episode, imagines himself to be the unnamed co-respondent. The resulting tangle resolves itself into a subtle battle of wits and provides some admirable scenes. That polished actor, Mr. Alan Aynesworth, is also in the cast



GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT: MISS ISABEL JEANS AND MR. ALAN AYNESWORTH



THE LADY IN THE CASE



# The Cinema :

## A Letter from the Miggs Family

### By JAMES AGATE

IT has been wittily said—and wild horses would not drag from me the name of the wit who said it—that August is a month when everybody who is nobody is out of town. To prove this you have only to give a party, and lo and behold! everybody who is anybody will be found drinking warm claret-cup and eating sandwiches curled up at the edges in a room some ten foot square. Possibly in saying this I am referring only to that very small section of society known as “literary gents,” who never leave Grub Street from one end of the year to the other, whether the snow is lying thick around their ankles or the sun blisters the nape of their necks. We, at any rate, are always to be found in town, even during August. But August has its compensations, any number of whom you may meet any day in the Strand. There you shall see Jack Tars giving their arms to elderly mothers with what those dear ladies fondly imagine to be their sons’ quarter-deck manner. There you shall see soldiers from unfamiliar line regiments escorting sweethearts who are only too happy to believe that to be a corporal is the first rung in the field-marshal’s ladder. At any moment you may meet some bronzed fellow with the eye of a hawk and the stride of an elephant-hunter, who has spent the last ten years spearing crocodile in the lower reaches of the Upper Bongo, and has forgotten the way to St. Paul’s Cathedral.

There is the raffish old lady from the country who wants to spend the afternoon at the theatre, and can you tell her, please, whether *Baby Bunting* is a good farce, and do they allow smoking? In fact if you are in luck you will meet all sorts of charmingly inquisitive people. And of course there is one subject upon which everybody who comes up to London from the country is rightly and charmingly inquisitive. That subject is the new pictures. I have had several requests from readers, of which the following is typical. The postmark is that of a remote Yorkshire village where I once played cricket, distinguishing myself to the tune of missing three catches, scoring a duck, and running my captain out when he was well set. The letter says simply: “Dear Sir—I am spending a week of my holidays in London, and should be glad if you could tell me which are the six best new films. Yours faithfully, H. Miggs.” Miggs isn’t the name which actually appears in the letter, but it’s near enough! This puts me in a difficulty for the simple reason that I do not know whether my correspondent is Mr., Mrs., Master, or Miss Miggs. Fortunately I was brought up on the earlier stories of Sherlock Holmes, which is the only really sound education for a boy. Now, Holmes said that the only way of arriving at a solution of any difficulty was by the process of elimination. I remember that this was the first time I had come across that particular word, the meaning of which I had to look up in a dictionary. I feel that this letter can’t be from Mr. Miggs for the simple reason that Mrs. Miggs would not allow him to come to London alone and that therefore he would have been obliged to say: “We are coming up to London.” That disposes of him! Nor can it be Mrs. Miggs, for the simple reason that Yorkshire wives do not take holidays. That disposes of her! Now can it be Miss Miggs? I think not, because I feel that if the letter had been hers it would have run something like this: “My dear Mr. Agate—You will forgive me addressing you personally, but I have read you in THE TATLER so often that I feel we are quite old friends. We are, are we not? What I have to tell you is that Lucy and I—Lucy is the vicar’s daughter, very fair, tall, with charming manners, and altogether I’m sure you would like her very much, even though she has freckles and her nose is just a wee bit snub—anyhow Lucy and I are coming up to London for a week, and we want to go and see some really nice pictures.

Can you recommend some? They must be really nice, because we have promised to tell grandmamma all about them when we get home. Yours very sincerely, Hypatia Miggs. P.S.—I just love Kingsley, don’t you?”

No, I feel that the letter can’t be from Miss Miggs. Remains only Master Miggs, whom I take to be an intelligent young man probably going into the sixth form next term, who wants to spend a few evenings at the London films prior to launching out as a film-director. Or perhaps he has just left school and is contemplating going to one of the older Universities but does not see why, while he is imbibing wisdom at its fount, he should not have some sort of inkling as to the practical use to which wisdom is to be ultimately put. It must be something in London, of course. For in these days there is that about the big provincial cities which chills the mind. Liverpool, I hear, is asking for bread, except that part of it which lives in the Adelphi Hotel and subsists entirely on currant cake. In the streets of Manchester they tell me grass now grows, and nothing moves in that former hive of industry save those who, in the ball-rooms of the Midland Hotel, eternally jazz. The other day

business of a kind took me to Edinburgh and, though it was Sunday, Newcastle’s ship-yards, or whatever desolate places they may be that one sees from the train, seemed uncannily still as though on the Monday they had no hope of working. From what I hear of Birmingham the same tale holds, since I know of nobody going there except to lecture. Doubtless this depression will pass, but for the moment it seems as though London must be every young man’s object. I am sure it is London upon which Master Miggs has his eye and that his notion of coming up to town is to get a “keek” at the Thames so as to know “what like” that river is before setting it on fire. Well, I am not sure whether British films do or do not offer a young man, not being the son of a prime minister, a great future. A journalist friend of mine told me the other day that he had received a commission from the editor of a large and important newspaper to investigate the cause and, if possible, discover the cure of the British film industry. “I suppose you intend to see some British film?” was my natural question; to which my friend replied: “Heaven forbid!” If Master Miggs really wants to study film-producing he should, in my view, go to wherever a Russian film is exhibited and see how few people that attracts. He should read some high-brow criticism of M. Chevalier’s latest paroxysm and then see how few that keeps away. He should lunch at some small select restaurant, the name of which I will give him in confidence,

and listen to unsuccessful, anæmic young men babbling biliously of “montage” and the like. He should then worm his way into some film lunch given to celebrate the coy arrival on these shores of Miss Nesta Nitwitte and observe the highly successful givers thereof. Finally, he should spend a day walking up and down Wardour Street noting the kind of intelligence which is wanted in the film industry; after which I imagine he will retire to Oxford with the ultimate intention of becoming a stout-bottler at Biggleswade or of pursuing any calling which will nourish the bodies of his fellow-men. For a week in Wardour Street and the cinemas supplied by Wardour Street should fully convince him that our minds are unnourishable.

In the meantime I flatly refuse to give any list of the six best films. But I will just hint that there are three ways of choosing these. The first way is the inner-circle way, that is to visit the Empire, Leicester Square, Carlton, Capitol, Plaza, and Rialto Cinemas. The second or outer-circle way is to visit the Tivoli, New Victoria, New Gallery, Regal, Marble Arch Pavilion, and the Astoria. The third way is to visit the little Academy Theatre in Oxford Street and sit through the picture six times.



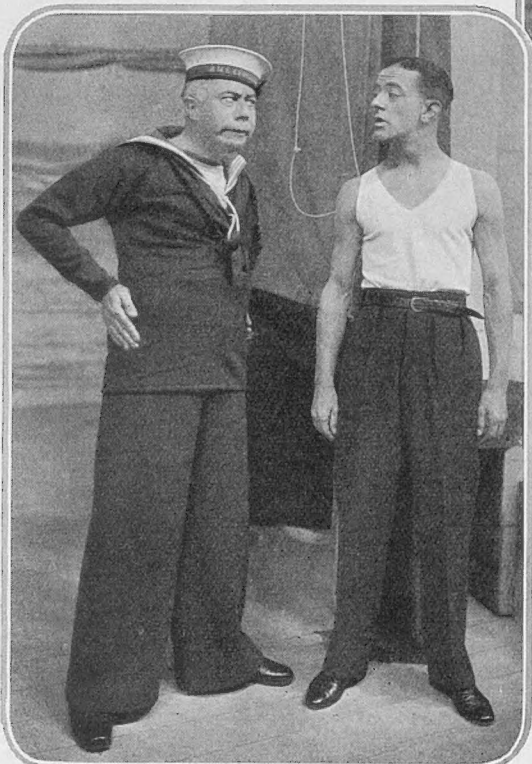
MISS EDWINA BOOTH

The most recent “still” of the beautiful young actress who was the leading lady in that marvellous film, “Trader Horn,” which featured the real life adventures of that extraordinary personality who died shortly after the production of the big picture



# STAGING THE SENIOR SERVICE

And a Wallace First Night



Stage Photo Co.

SEZ 1: MR. A. W. BASKCOMB AS A.B. POOK AND MR. A. V. STANLEY AS MARINE BUNDY

The two people who share the chief acting triumphs in "The Midshipmaid." Here they are seen discussing the possible effects on their pay when Sir Percy Newbiggin, M.P. (Clive Currie), visits the Fleet at Malta for the purpose of urging economy. The Able Seaman is dubious, but Marine Bundy reassures him that it's only the "orficers" will suffer



Stage Photo Co.

IN "THE MIDSHIPMAID": MISS JANE BAXTER, MR. BASIL FOSTER, MISS MARY CLARE, MR. TERENCE DOWNING, AND MR. CLIVE CURRIE AT THE SHAFTESBURY

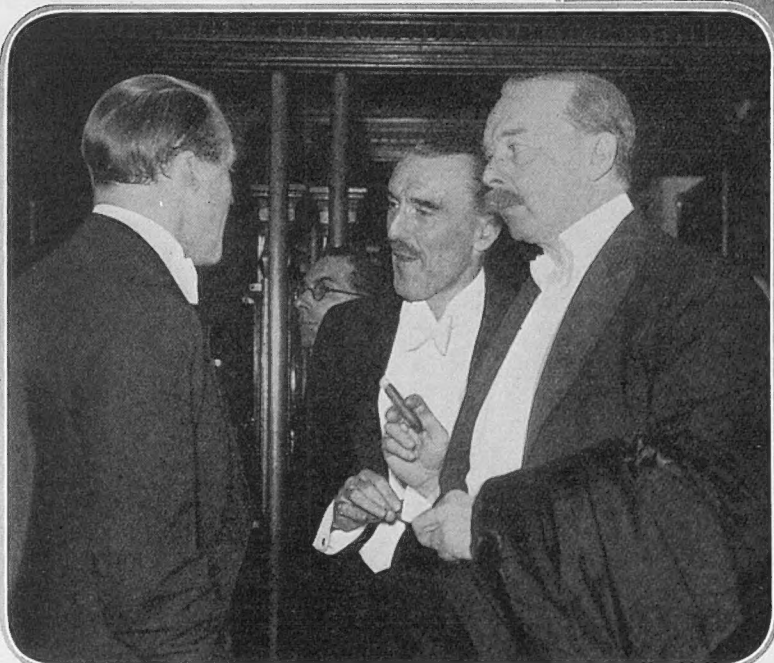
The new Naval comedy by Ian Hay and Commander Stephen King-Hall is a rollicking affair, full of "good clean fun" and splendidly acted. This scene shows the Commander (Basil Foster) with some of the distinguished guests, who visited his ship at Malta and for whom he organized a sing-song. Miss Mary Clare makes the most of her part as the tactful chaperone, and Miss Jane Baxter (the Midshipmaid) gives a very spirited performance



Sasha

JUST WE TWO: MR. HANNEN SWAFFER

The theatrical world's most captious critic, possibly gaining inspiration from the bust of Sir Gerald du Maurier when he attended the first night of "The Case of the Frightened Lady," at Wyndham's. Mr. Edgar Wallace was present himself to see whether London thought his new thriller was a good one. The answer, almost inevitably, was in the affirmative. Captain Harry Graham (see left) was responsible for the English version of the lyrics in "White Horse Inn"



Sasha

CAPTAIN "BUNNY" TATTERSALL, MAJOR IAN HAY BEITH, AND CAPTAIN HARRY GRAHAM AT THE NEW EDGAR WALLACE THRILLER



Sasha

AT HIS LATEST FIRST NIGHT: MR. EDGAR WALLACE WITH MRS. WALLACE AT WYNDHAM'S



# RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"



LORD CAWLEY

The owner of Juniper, who is in Major Vandy Beatty's stable, and who is expected to win a race some time soon. Anyway let's hope so. Lord Cawley had three sons killed in action during the War, and is the type of owner to whom we all wish luck

less the same. There is the woman who is always and for ever in a tangle and implores you with tears in her eyes to get her out, generally selecting a handicap with thirty runners as the medium for her salvation. Do not overwork your brain for this one, just select anything at random as she has already asked six other people and has backed every selection given her. In this way she can lose a maximum of about £100, and the best she can do is to lose about a tenner, with no mathematical possibility of winning anything. Be gentle with her, however, for it is she and such as she who help to keep racing going and she derives more joy over the hundred she wins than sorrow over the "monkey" it has cost her to get it.

No jury would convict should you hasten the demise of the man who, having saluted you with the aforementioned greeting, proceeds to tell you why he is not ahead of the game. To do this—a matter of complete indifference to you—it seems to be essential to go into the details of every bet he has made since Father Confessor's year, something in this style: "A hundred to seven I had about Sandwich for the Derby, and if that had come up I was going to have had the lot on Trimdon for the Gold Cup. Then take Riot; I backed her at Salisbury when she was beat, and when she won at Newmarket I had to be in the City, and couldn't get away. I meant to ring up and back her at lunch, but" etc., etc., *ad nauseam*—and yet nearly all of us do it a bit. Then there is the man who has a maggot firmly embedded in his brain that nothing is ever having a "go"—in fact to listen to him you wonder that most races are not declared void through no one finishing the course. If only he knew how hard it is to win a race, how few are the chances that you get, and how many, many times the most artfully-planned coups come unstuck he might

Change his views. His judgment is largely swayed by his pocket in a race, and one has heard him say a jockey wasn't "very busy" when he has been beaten a short head and nearly knocked a lump clean off his horse getting there. He always knows that a horse wasn't really fancied when it started favourite, as "that stable doesn't win at those prices," and the tipster papers, of which he takes in about a gross, have noted it as one to be "kept on our list." The world is not perfect, but the mud in this man's mind bears no relation to the morality of racing as a whole.

Who doesn't know the man who has "swallowed the book," and holds and expresses the most didactic opinions which you probably allow to bias your own? "Back Stick in the Mud!" he will say. "Have you ever known a — who could go on the hard?" or "I wouldn't back So-and-so with Russian roubles not if you gave them to me; he's the greatest dog in training." He generally knows a trainer or two and produces the information that "he's doing his best, but they haven't a shilling on him." All this with the best intentions in the world; but if you follow him you always seem to find that you back his losers, never touch his winners, and he puts you off yours.

Students of form and students of the market each have their own ideas, and if you are on the right leg you read the book or the market right, and if on the wrong leg you don't, and probably a combination of the two is the best method of winner-finding. The man who spends all his evenings making out his own handicaps, and walks about on a course like a man in a dream reading his "brown book," will find himself probably up on the year. So will the man we all know who doesn't know where the paddock is, hardly knows which is the blunt end of a horse, but makes his wager on the strength of having seen Wally Hyams "ave ten score orf of Izzy" about

something. Yet betting, though undoubtedly the back-bone of the game isn't everything, as witness the trainer one knows who prefaces nearly every sentence by saying, "Of course I never bet." Sending someone to find out the price of their horse is only a justifiable interest in their profession as it cannot really affect them.

However, as I say, they are charming people, and taking it by and largenearly everyone on a race-course will do you a turn if he or she can. When once the money is on you can't hurt the price, a heavy indictment against Tote betting when an owner who bets must put his own mother away or spoil his market.



AT BATH RACES: THE HON. MRS. DUBERLY AND MR. ERNEST THORNTON-SMITH

A snapshot in the Members' Enclosure at Bath last week—when, as it has been unnecessary to say, it rained, and they raced on a very heavy course. The Hon. Mrs. Duberly is an aunt of Lord Nunburnholme. Mr. Thornton-Smith had one running in the Dodington Handicap



# SOME OF THE BOYS AS MAKES THE NOISE!



## THE HAMPSHIRE HEAVY BRIGADE R.A.—BY FRED MAY

It is difficult to trace the exact origin of this unit, but it is the second oldest, and can go back with definite records to 1859. In the old days a great feature was the annual competitions at special gunnery camps, and since 1867 the unit has won in national competitions: Four King's Prizes—1913-21-22-23, one Queen's Prize—1877, two Prince of Wales' Prizes—1899 and 1909, five First Prizes, eight Second Prizes, four Third Prizes, three Fourth Prizes, three Fifth Prizes; in sixty-three years winning thirty National Prizes—a very fine record indeed. The Hon. Colonel is F.M. Sir George Milne, Master Gunner of St. James's Park; the retiring C.O. is Colonel W. H. Barrell (after thirty years' service), and Major E. E. Solomon takes over. These sketches were made when the Brigade was doing a shoot at Sandown, Isle of Wight



# With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

## Miss Clemence Dane's New Novel.

**I** TAKE off my hat to those of my fellow-reviewers who were able to send in a review of "Broome Stages" (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.) almost on the day of its publication. To read over seven hundred pages of fairly close type is no mean achievement in the course of a few days, especially as Miss Dane's novel covers over two hundred odd years and is crowded with characters, though most of them do belong to one family tree. I can only imagine, therefore, that each member of the reviewer's family settled down to read a section of the book and told each other what it was all about after they had finished. I have no family, so offer no excuse for the slight delay in noticing a book which undoubtedly is the most important publication of the present summer season. At least, I can only state that I *did* read it all the way through; which perhaps accounts for the fact that I was not so deeply impressed by it as were some of my more nimble confrères. (When in doubt—flatter.) It is too long, for instance. Even Mr. Priestley's "Good Companions" touched weariness before the end, and both of his long stories were written in a lighter vein than "Broome Stages," and concerned character rather than family history. Of course, one never really gets bored by the Broomes. Miss Dane could not be dull if she tried. But there are too many of them and they go on for too long. The novel is the history, not of one set of characters, but of a whole family. Honestly, however, if you must write the history of a family, you should place them against a background of social history. The family must change with the times and be part of that change. It is not sufficient to relate at length the history of a family without, so to speak, letting in some atmosphere from outside; that is, if you want to escape monotony. The world was changing in all directions, but Miss Dane ignores them all for the sake of her Broomes. Indeed, glancing casually through her book one would never know if the scene related were happening in the eighteenth or nineteenth century unless you looked for clues as diligently as if you were reading an Edgar Wallace. This, it must be confessed, lends a certain air of monotony to such a large canvas as Miss Dane has sought to fill in. Being the lengthy history of one whole family and not of one or, perhaps, a handful of characters, one's interest is always being aroused, to be lost again as the people whom one has got to know die and are supplanted by others. Moreover, all these people are Broomes, and the characteristics of the family are reproduced in each; only modified by circumstances or made even more exuberant by success. They are, of course, a theatrical family, as everyone knows by now who has read anything about the book or heard it discussed. The theatre is in the Broomes' blood. They act on the stage and, even though they may not consciously act in their private lives, they are the instigators of something dramatic wherever they may happen to be. Everything is done by them to excess. They cannot be ignored, simply because whatever they do becomes at once a scene. They interest us, but they are just about as restful as living with an electric sign. The book is therefore a series of private histories. Some are elaborated, some merely sketched in. Looking back upon it all is rather like looking back on the life-story of dozens of people, some of whom fire the imagination and some of whom are merely tiresome. If Miss Dane fails at

all, however, it is that none of the Broomes belong to the common clay. They seem too remote to be friendly; too purely self-assertive to love. Each one is a size larger than life. Moreover, not only is each one blessed, or cursed, by the artistic temperament, but whenever they marry an outsider he, or she, seems to catch the temperament, if not the art. And so we make no lasting friends in the book. We are simply very, very interested, but remain quite untouched. Any writer less gifted might easily have made the novel merely a monotonous family chronicle. Miss Dane, on the other hand, manages brilliantly to make that chronicle seem real. It is a great achievement. Perhaps the first part of the book is the best; or it may be that we come to the Broomes mentally-fresher than when we bid them good-bye. And the advantage of this is that our interest is so greatly

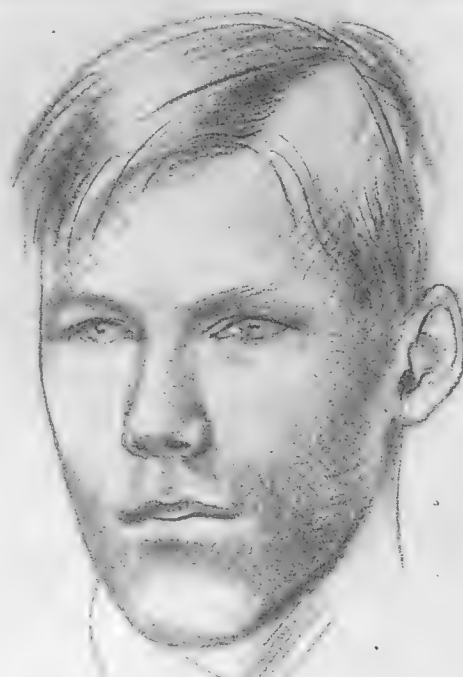
aroused at once that we simply must read on to the end. It is not a book one can skip. It is not a book one would ever want to skip. It is not a book that should be skipped. I don't believe for a moment that it is Miss Dane's fault that one does get just a little wearied of the Broome family towards the end. She set herself an almost impossible task. Her gift of language is remarkable, her wit of the keenest; she cannot fail to write with charm and spirit. And if only, now and again, a hum-drum Broome had been born, we might have felt a greater affection for the family as a whole. As it is, they are all too remote to love, too apart from the psychology of common humanity to be remembered in detail. But to miss reading the book would be to miss reading a novel of outstanding distinction; to ignore a very great, almost a completely successful, achievement. Finally, Mr. Rex Whistler's dust-cover is the most original and decorative that I ever remembered to have seen and wished to tear apart.

\* \* \*

## Two Readable Novels.

**I** simply don't believe a word of it, but nevertheless "A Lady of No Leisure" (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.), by Eric Simons, is a thoroughly readable novel. But you've got to make-believe you believe if you would entirely enjoy it. You've got to convince yourself that a little servant girl could, simply by reading books and studying the Oxford Dictionary, turn herself into the facsimile of what is understood to be a lady; that she could thus have married an earl, been accepted by his family without question, been loved by a man of letters, and become so intelligent and companionable that a rich and charming woman, whose secretary she was, came one night to

her bedside, got into bed, and wept on her bosom. Yet, in spite of her success, Marion Drake, alias several other names, misses fire as a creation. Granted that she refused to let her head be carried away by her heart, she really didn't seem to have much of either. True, she bade a fond farewell to her titled fiancé at the end with a great flourish of words concerning how she was going out to do big things in the world, but what those big things might be one is left without the slightest inkling. Except for turning herself into a lady Marion showed no bent towards anything except to be a companion-secretary; which from being a kitchen-maid is, of course, most laudable, although hardly to be termed a big thing in a world-shattering sense. Nevertheless, the story is exceptionally readable. The awkward reappearances of those who knew Marion as a kitchen-maid after she had become



*V. Sozonov, 1912*

*Portrait by V. Sozonov*

## ART WITH A PUNCH: "TEDDY" JOHN

There was also punch with an art when Augustus John's son, who has turned professional pugilist, gave his opponent at Croydon (Ted Giles) so much to go on with that the referee thought it safest to stop the scrap in the eighth round. Teddy John is professionally a painter—like father—but the Ring might prove far more profitable than the brush and the maul-stick. He is marked down as a hard hitter, full of courage, and with plenty to learn. Provided he knows that he has, there is no knowing where he might not end up. Real triers are few and far between

(Continued on p. 352)



# LAST WEEK'S PREMIÈRE

Welcoming "Waltzes from Vienna"



MISS MARGERY BINNER AND HER MOTHER



## AFTER ACT I

Lady Standing, her daughter, Miss Kay Hammond, Mr. Standing, and Mr. Michael Crichton discussing the merits of "Waltzes from Vienna." Kay Hammond, now busily engaged on film work, made very good in "Nine till Six"



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AND (left) MISS OLIVIA BURLEIGH



MR. AND MRS. HERBERT MARSHALL

Miss Edna Best and her husband were in quite excellent spirits on the opening night of "Waltzes from Vienna," which drew rapturous applause from a packed Alhambra. Mr. Hassard Short's production, built round Johann Strauss, father and son, and their music, marks a new milestone in theatrical adventure. Every form of modern ingenuity is used to achieve effects which are nothing short of marvellous, and as the eye is delighted so is the ear. Congratulations were showered on Miss Doris Zinkeisen, who designed all the lovely frocks, and came to the première with Miss Anna Zinkeisen, another noted figure in the art world. Sir Oswald Stoll had no reason for his obvious nervousness when speech-making after the final curtain, there being no possible doubt whatever about the success of his latest contribution to the London stage



VIEWING HER LOVELY DÉCOR: MISS DORIS ZINKEISEN (left) WITH HER SISTER ANNA

The audience at the Alhambra was full of stage stars, among them Mrs. "Pat" Campbell, who was very appreciative. Her most recent theatrical appearance was in "The Matriarch," in which she showed that her brilliant art is quite undimmed. Miss Olivia Burleigh and Miss Margery Binner were two representatives of the young generation of actresses

Photographs by  
Sasha, Suffolk Street

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

almost "her ladyship" interrupt the somewhat too-smooth-sailing of the rest of the tale admirably, lending to it moments of excitement which, albeit, might to the novel's advantage have become even more fraught with suspense. On the whole, therefore, an excellent story for a lazy summer's day—if ever we have any summer? So, too, is Mr. Edgar Wallace's new thriller, "The Man at the Carlton" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) I am not going to give you even a glimmer of the plot. That would spoil the fun of reading it. I will only add that it is full of thugs, crooks, police inspectors, murders, sleuths, at least one innocent girl, and an older one who can scarcely remember her innocence; each one a clearly-defined character who, as always in a book by Mr. Wallace, is surprisingly human and life-like considering what each one is asked to do, the whole plot, linked together by a series of startling but successful red herrings, thus making a story which will delight all those who seem to read only Edgar Wallace, and perhaps even convert those who simply can't read him at any price as a general rule.

\* \*

## Switzerland.

I always feel so grateful to the Medici Society for their beautiful series of illustrated guide-books. The latest, "Switzerland: Northern and Eastern" (7s. 6d.), is a fascinating volume. Whether you intend going to that most lovely country in the world, or whether you have been there already, or whether there is but small chance of your ever going there at all, you will find this book enchanting to look at and to read. And this, simply because it's quite the next-best-thing to an actual visit to Switzerland that I can possibly think of. It must contain hundreds of illustrations perfectly reproduced in photogravure. The text which accompanies these lovely views is, so to speak, just sufficiently "guide-bookish" to inform without making you feel rather bored by a succession of plain facts. Briefly, it is interesting enough to read without necessarily making you realize that you are being told a lot of things which perhaps you ought to know but which don't make for any immediate interest unless at the moment you require only information. As a picture-book, however, the volume is supreme of its kind. Such exquisite views of mountains, old towns, quiet rural retreats! The view of "Weggis and the Lake of Lucerne," for instance, or "The Lake of Thun and the Neisen," or "St. Moritz" in summer time. But one could go on mentioning view after view on almost every page in the book. Only one other, however, will I "enthuse" over here. It is "The Rigi seen from the Lake of Zug" through a vista of blossom. Indeed, if environment does indeed play a great part in the formation of character, what poets, what artists, even what musicians should not Switzerland have given to the world! It is strange, therefore, that it has given us so very few. On the other hand, it has provided a lovely refuge for many of the world's greatest creators of beauty. And who can wonder? Wherever you go and wherever you may be Switzerland offers you a vista of Nature at her loveliest and most magnificent. The rugged grandeur of her mountains, the sylvan loveliness of her valleys, the peaceful "sanctuary" of her little villages. Well, the enchantment of so many of these can be recaptured in this new illustrated guide-book. And for no

bigger price than you would have to pay for some trumpery novel which you couldn't endure to look at twice!

\* \* \*

## A Remarkable Book.

Quite apart from the interest and value of its contents, "The Bavenda" (Oxford University Press. 30s.), by H. A. and E. Stayt, is a remarkable book. The author, "joining up" at the age of sixteen, was blinded in the war. Through his own individual efforts he gained a scholarship which gave him three years at Oxford, where again he greatly distinguished himself. This book, which can hardly be called the fruit of his more *leisure* hours, is at any rate the result of some years spent in South Africa, which is his home country. One cannot, I suppose, call the book a miracle, though many of the so-called miracles are far less wonderful. Yet it is difficult to realize how this young man, blinded in the war, could have wandered alone with his wife among the black races of the South African continent, gathering such detailed information regarding their customs,

habits, history, and legends as to make this book one of the most valuable contributions to the study of anthropology which has been written of late. I quote from Mrs. A. W. Hoernle, Lecturer in Social Anthropology at the University of the Witwatersrand, who writes the admirable Introduction: "No one can read this book without gaining a deeper understanding of the



The wife: I've got a lot of things I want to talk to you about  
The husband: That's good. Usually you want to talk to me about a lot of things you haven't got

ways of thought of a Bantu people, and everyone will, I think, be amazed at the wealth of detail Mr. Stayt has been able to bring together. . . . In spite of his blindness he has climbed almost inaccessible crannies in his search for the right informant to fill in a gap in his information. I think that those who read the result of his labours will be grateful to him for his efforts, and filled with profound respect for the courage and perseverance with which he has accomplished his task." I can only add to this that the book can be read with ease and with interest by those whose knowledge of the subject is actually *nil*. It will give such a reader a remarkable insight into the life and habits of the Bantu peoples, especially into that mysterious ceremony of "initiation" about which so little is known and so much surmised. Finally, the book is very well illustrated from actual photographs and, being divided into strictly defined sections, can be read and studied with ease, separately or as a whole.

The committee of the London Hospital have decided to open a "Lord Knutsford Remembrance Fund."

There were, at the moment of his death, certain very necessary additions and improvements on which he had set his heart and to which he had contributed generously, but which he did not live to see completed. It is proposed to devote gifts sent in remembrance to the completion of these objectives which include a new Massage and Electrical Department, new Stores, additional Maternity Beds and maintenance, and a Hostel for Students.

Will all who wish to honour the name and work of a very great man please send their contributions to the Treasurer, London Hospital, E.1.



# TALKING ABOUT GOLF . . .



LORD ASHFIELD LETS FLY

One of the latest arrivals at Le Touquet, the pine-trimmed social rendezvous not far from Boulogne, is Lord Ashfeld, who controls most of the means by which Londoners travel in the Metropolis. Other visitors to the golf course include Lord de Clifford's mother, Mrs. Vernon Tate, Lady Cowdray, and Sir Cuthbert Quilter's brother



TEE FOR SEVERAL AT LE TOUQUET: Left—MRS. C. F. BOSTON AND MRS. VERNON TATE; right—LADY COWDRAY AND MR. PERCY QUILTER



CAPTAIN AND MRS. GERARD LEIGH AND THEIR SON HELD UP AT NORTH BERWICK

The annual English invasion of North Berwick is now going very strong, and there is the usual crowd on the golf course, but who minds hold-ups in such entrancing surroundings? Behind Colonel Nutting's golf jerkin—a much-admired décor—can be seen the Bass Rock, a well-known sanctuary for multitudes of sea birds. Captain and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, whose son is called Gerard too, are Leicestershire lights, and live at Thorpe Satchville. They are also well known in the Solent, Captain Leigh being a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. His wife is an American. Though Lord Cottenham drives a golf ball with good effect, driving a car at lightning speed is what he does best of all. He succeeded his brother in 1922, and four years ago married Miss Venetia Taylor



COLONEL NUTTING AND MR. PHILPOT PLAYING A WAITING GAME TOO



LORD COTTENHAM JOINS THE NORTH BERWICK GOLFERS



Brig.-General LEWIN  
Poole, Dublin

Who took part with success in the first air pageant organized by the Irish Aero Club at Baldonnel, the Free State Army aerodrome. General Arthur Lewin, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., has a Gipsy Moth

bathing with her pet lizard and that last night at the gaming tables she lost (or won) an infinite number of francs. All this is the proper scope of papers; it is such stuff as reams are made on. So I make no excuse for treating the personal side of the Schneider Trophy Race. Sit back, then, while we become impertinently intimate about designers and pilots.

The present British defence in the Schneider Trophy is the result of combined effort. It started with the Press (God bless them), who stimulated the public and implanted the desire to win. It went on with Lady Houston, who made possible the attempt to satisfy that desire.

#### Lady Houston.

Lady Houston is one of those who will voice a personal conviction without fear or favour. Wealth, which with most people is either a softener or a soporific, is, with Lady Houston, a tonic. In a world of watered praise and weak criticism she dares to express her views in the quickest idiom, a *Schneider Trophy* style, far superior to the laboured periods of most of those who believe that they are writing "good English."

The instant she knew the country needed it in a good cause, Lady Houston put down £100,000. The construction of the new machines was then begun. Two outstanding personalities, Mr. R. J. Mitchell and Sir Henry Royce, have been chiefly responsible for the new Vickers' Supermarine Rolls-Royce S6B sea-planes.

#### Mr. Mitchell.

Mr. R. J. Mitchell, designer of the British Schneider Trophy winners in 1922, 1927, and 1929, presents a curious antithesis. He stands on the Calshot slipway with hands in pockets, square-built, light-haired, with a casual, slightly ironical manner. Yet his knowledge of air-craft design is encyclopædic, and his inspiration that of genius. His ingenuity in the S6Bs is a thing to marvel at. In them he has produced machines which are a triumph of intellectual brilliance.

Nothing more complex internally and more simple externally has ever been seen. The pilot of an S6B sits with scalding water and oil

# AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

#### Schneider Personalities.

DULL and disgruntled people affect to despise the cult of the intimate personal detail, the too, too human touch, the almost intestinal tit-bit. An attitude of aloofness towards social gossip affords them some satisfaction for not being themselves gossiped about. In my own view one of the best features of our daily and Sunday Press is its preoccupation with private lives, both courtly and cowardly. I find more enjoyment in discovering what Einstein and Epstein, Edison and Eddington, Ford and Maude, Dietrich and the Dolly Sisters eat and drink and what are their personal whims and fancies than in learning that the politicians still keep droning along, or that the police are engaged in their perennial pastimes of confusing the traffic, raiding the night clubs, and missing the murderers.

I like to know that, somewhere in the South of France, Miss Lope de Velour is sun-

coursing in wing, float, fin, and fuselage radiators all around him. Fuel is flowing up the strut fairings from the floats; ten million ingenious mechanisms are functioning and obeying the controls of the man in charge. That is the result of Mr. Mitchell's work.

#### Sir Henry Royce.

Sir Henry Royce is the head and founder of Rolls-Royce. He started life as a news-boy and is now head of a firm which has established a unique reputation. In appearance he is an Egyptologist, pre-occupied with dim centuries and slow things; in action he is the arch-apostle of efficiency; the man who has enabled Britain on two occasions to design, build, test, tune, and complete racing engines of a horse-power in excess of any others in time for the race.

The Rolls-Royce R engine is the most powerful aero engine in the world, and is giving nearly one horse-power for every half-pound weight.

Sir Henry Royce—and his chief engineer, Mr. Rowledge, must not be forgotten—has attained in the design of I.C. engines a supreme and unchallenged position.

#### The Pilots.

And now at last we come to the team, the men who will finally translate all this ingenuity into action. A glance at all of them collectively shows that they range from the round faced (sub-pituitary according to Mr. Berman) to the tall and thin. Hyper-thyroidism is completely absent—rather a surprising fact according to the present views as to the influence of the glands on character.

Head of the team is Squadron-Leader Orlebar, thirty-five years old, tall, spare and sallow, with a chin like the prow of a battleship and a smile which spreads outwards towards the corners of his mouth. He is a great pilot and a great leader of men, and he performs his work without officialism. Most important of all, he has the firmness needed for that unpleasant task, which always falls to one in his position, of saying "no" to some pilot who is as good perhaps as any and who has worked as hard. In Squadron-Leader Orlebar Great Britain has a leader in whom she can place unreserved faith.

Next to Squadron-Leader Orlebar must be placed Flight-Lieut. Staniforth. He is quiet, almost to the extent of being phlegmatic, with slow, deliberate responses; taller even than Squadron-Leader Orlebar, with precise visual judgment, unmoved and unmovable in all emergencies; calm, methodical, thoughtful, yet able, should the need arise, to attain that nervous tension that sometimes becomes essential in a great race. Then there are Flight-Lieuts. Boothman and Long. They are both men of experience, but I shall prefer to speak of them after I have been longer at Calshot and have got to know them better. Their flying is of the highest standard. Flying-Officer Snaith is the smallest man in the team, and the late Lieut. Brinton the only Naval officer, whose untimely death we all deplore. Certainly all the team has the old Royal Flying Corps individuality. They are a team only in name. The individuality of each one is marked.



Major CAZALET  
Poole, Dublin

The winner, in his Puss Moth, of the 25-mile handicap race in the Irish Aero Club's pageant. Major Cazalet comes from County Wexford. The pageant included stunt-flying and joy-riding, and some 15,000 people looked on



MR. W. LAPPIN

Mr. W. Lappin on Calshot slipway during the tests of the new racing sea-planes. Mr. Lappin is one of the best-known and best-liked personalities of the Rolls-Royce Company, which has built the wonderful new engines for the Schneider Trophy Race on September 12



LADY BURGHLEY AND HER  
DAUGHTER*Gordon Turnill, Stamford**Dorothy Wilding*

MISS MEVAGH FORBES

*Yevonde*

MRS. CHARLES NALDER

The above picture of Lady Burghley and her daughter is the first published. Lady Burghley is the fourth of the five beautiful daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and married Lord Burghley, the Marquess of Exeter's famous athlete son, in 1929. Lord Burghley's exploits over hurdles have made athletic history, and he is also a good man to hounds. A most excellent presentation coming-of-age portrait of him was painted by that marvellous hunting artist, Mr. Lionel Edwards, R.I. Lord Exeter was for a time Joint Master of the Fitzwilliam (Melton) with Mr. George Wentworth Fitzwilliam and Lord Essex

Miss Mevagh Forbes is the elder of the two daughters of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. James Stewart Forbes, who was formerly Miss Feridah Taylor, and was married in 1910. Lieut.-Colonel James Stewart Forbes was originally in the 9th Lancers, served all through the South African War, and with the Reserve Cavalry 1914-1918. Mrs. Charles Nalder, who was recently married in Scotland, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Morgan of Kensington Court. Mr. Nalder is the son of Mr. Fielding and the Baroness Ruby Von Sederholm Nalder. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nalder have a charming house on Lake Como, where they went shortly after their marriage, and are still collecting the violet rays to which England has said good-bye

# THE PASSING SHOWS



CAPTAIN ARTHUR DONEGAL (MR. DUDLEY ROLPH), ANGELA (MISS LORNA HUBBARD), TWEEDLE-PUNCH (MR. GEORGE GRAVES), LADY HOLYROOD (MISS DOROTHY WARD), AND FRANK ABERCOED (MR. GEOFFREY DAVIES)

Contrary to the popular assumption, not one of the present cast of "Florodora" was in the original production—not even George Graves, but the new wine in the old bottles is extremely good, and in no small measure is this due to Miss Dorothy Ward and Mr. George Graves. His little aids to the author's lines are readily forgivable because they are so good and amusing. It is a great show

"Florodora"  
at Daly's, and  
"The Hour Glass"  
at the  
Victoria Palace

"down under" determination which wins Test matches and, in the *entr'acte*, entertained those members of the audience who had not gone in search of refreshment with a cacophony of saxophonic and other sounds.

No jazz orchestra can remain true to its better self under the influence of limelight. Suitably obscured, the leader of the French horns is a modest, retiring citizen with no overwhelming urge to blow his own trumpet. Lure him to his feet with a white spot-light and he at once out-Hydes Jekyll. Giving his baser instincts full play, this dual personality will raise his instrument of torture to the rafters in a frenzy



MR. CHARLES STONE

The owner of the Scented Island, Cyrus W. Gilfain, and a very nice person to meet. The original Cyrus (1899) was Charles Stevens, and the other Charles' performance in no way suffers by comparison

## "Florodora."

IS it worth while digging out the old photograph albums and gazing mirthfully now on Uncle Arthur in deer-stalking tweeds and side-whiskers, now on cousin Lucy flaunting bustle, bun, and croquet mallet? Does anything matter except the present? Are all "period" revivals a matter for the stifled yawn? The rejuvenation of "Owen Hall's" *Florodora* at Daly's raises a debatable no-man's land between the young people with latch-keys and the old folks with pleasant memories lying fallow. On balance I vote for this revival and its predecessors. There are moments, inevitably, when the humour and technique of yester-year provoke that sinking feeling which it is the object of the lighter drama to dispel. But the dear old tunes are good to listen to, and even the disciples of Jack Hylton must incline the ear and tap the heel to "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," the *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Leslie Stuart's many melodious inspirations. The ripe and racy Tweedlepunch of Mr. George Graves, Miss Lorna Hubbard's creditable version of Miss Kate Cutler's old part, Miss Violet Code's Dolores, Miss Dorothy Ward's dashing and successful onslaught on Lady Holyrood, and an excellent performance by Mr. Dudley Rolph are the principal milestones on the return journey to those nifty 'nineties whose

tempo and temper can never be recaptured by actors and audiences of another age.

## "The Hour Glass."

The sands of time ran so lavishly, and yet so briskly, through *The Hour Glass*, concocted by Messrs. Lamport and Reeves and presented by Mr. Gillespie at the Victoria Palace the other night, that it was getting on for half-past eleven when Mr. Chic York (America) stepped down to the footlights to assure us, on behalf of himself, his family, and his colleagues, that of all the artists to be met with on God's good green earth, none could hold a candle to those of Britain and the United States. Having mingled these pleasing sentiments with a plethora of thanks, Mr. York invited us all to dinner with him in New York any time we happened to be passing. Whereupon Miss Rose King, his wife, maintaining the feminine prerogative of the last word which she had usurped ever since 8.15 p.m., rounded off the proceedings with a Parthian googly which broke both ways. "Old Carbolec," she said crisply, "has forgotten to thank our grand boys down there." The "down there" was the orchestra pit, and "our grand boys" was the back-stage way of handing a bouquet to the "Three Australian Boys" and their white-coated brethren who had attacked the music with that species of



THE NEW DOLORES—MISS VIOLET CODE

Who hails from Canada, is an attractive successor to the original (Evie Greene) and has a voice that would charm a bird off any kind of tree





SO EASY—SAYS REBLA!

So it may be to look at, but try it and see. This marvellous juggler is one of the really bright spots in "The Hour Glass" at the Victoria Palace

an offence unto itself. Mr. York administered this particular blow to his wife at frequent intervals, notably when, having broken into impassioned song, she performed the difficult feat, to one who can sing in tune, of pitching her top notes several semitones flat or sharp.

All this implies that Mr. Chic York and Miss Rose King are a pair of American "burlesque" experts with a strong tendency to slapstick and a marked sense of individuality around whose personalities and material this bright and bustling revue has been made to revolve in much the same way as its predecessor, *The Chelsea Follies*, centred about the acrobatic buffooneries of Messrs. Nervo and Knox. Mr. York has one of those tall, confident, clean-shaven smiles which are invaluable to the good showman. He can bandy cross-talk with the best and time a wise-crack to the psychological split second. He can sing a plantation song (disguised as a chocolate

of melancholy and behave like a human wolf-baying at the moon. The saxophone player knows even less restraint. This soloist, when fully illuminated, rarely resists the temptation of a comic hat two sizes too small. The saxophone, when played from the heart as opposed to the stomach, has been described as a beautiful instrument. As manipulated in the interval at the Victoria Palace, this harbinger of wind and wailing confounds melody with the brazen fury of a drunken donkey braying in a madhouse.

But this is revue, where the command, "Make it snappy," is imperative and traditions are not readily ignored. Our "grand boys" were certainly in fine fettle, and Miss York's bouquet was as truly aimed as her reference to "Old Car-bolic," a piece of domestic badinage which Mr. York had doubly earned. After all, no husband can call his wife a "flat-chested old fowl", without impunity. Furthermore, it must be recorded that, among the give-and-take of connubial encounter, a back-handed slosh which lands 'twixt shoulder-blade and bosom and knocks the poke bonnet from the recipient's head is

preacher), and as a wife-slapper and a rough-handler of daughters (Miss True King, an engaging sou-brette, augments the family party, especially in one scene of back-chat and burlesque, which is as uproariously funny as its country of origin is unmistakable) his forward push scores as many aces as his famous back-hand drive. Miss Rose King is a happy mixture of the Misses Beatrice Lillie and Nellie Wallace, matching the finesse of the one with the breadth of the other. Having no pretensions to a high hat, I freely confess that this boldly acidulated comedienne gave me a good laugh, even though her resources were vigorously taxed by the frequent calls on the family's repertoire.

The outstanding attraction in a show full of pep and promise (one deadly dull low-comedy sketch called *Cold Mutton* has presumably been cut entirely) is the finale to Part I, an amusing and entertaining skit on *White Horse Inn*, in which our old and trusted juggling friend Rebla produces a personable likeness to Mr. Jack Barty, and Mr. Eric Roland, a pleasant singer, hits off Herr Richard Tauber to excellent effect.



KITTY REIDY AND GEORGE ROLAND AS LEA SEIDL AND RICHARD TAUBER

Two really clever caricatures in "The Hour Glass" of two other clever people who did not appear in the same show, for Lea Seidl was in "White Horse Inn," and Richard Tauber in "The Land of Smiles"



CHIC YORK AND ROSE KING

Two clever people from the other side of the Atlantic, who keep things very much on the move in the new show at the Victoria Palace, "The Hour Glass." Rose King's low comedy is full of sparkle, and she is one of those people who can do nothing in particular, but do it very well

Another scene in which the modern beach pyjamas compete with the voluminous bathing dresses of thirty odd (very odd) years ago is well done and danced by the boys and girls of the chorons on whom Mr. Ralph Reader has bestowed his name and inventions. An occasional song from Miss Kitty Reidy, the dancing of Miss Pat and Mr. Terry Kendall, and sound support by Mr. Coly Worth, Miss Eve Manning, Miss Nina Devitt, and others round off a revue which has the cardinal virtues of being fast, furious, and funny.

"TRINCULO."

# RIDING LIGHTS AT MOUNT STEWART



LADY MARY STEWART, LORD AND LADY LONDONDERRY'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, AT THEIR IRISH HOME



THE RODEO TOUCH AND LADY HELEN STEWART



WITH TWO FAVOURED FRIENDS: LADY LONDONDERRY

Riding plays a great part at Mount Stewart, Lord and Lady Londonderry's home in County Down, this form of exercise being one at which all members of the family are outstandingly good. In the winter the elder daughters hunt with their parents in Leicestershire. Lady Londonderry prefers the side-saddle method across a country and wears a swallow-tail coat, but Lady Margaret and Lady Helen go fox-catching astride. The Spanish Princesses with their youngest brother, the Infante Juan, to whom Lord Londonderry is now acting as guardian, have lately been paying Mount Stewart a visit. King Alfonso has often stayed there for shooting, and Lady Londonderry's white pony is a favourite mount of his for this purpose.

Photographs by  
Poole, Dublin





IN CEYLON: MRS. F. H. LEETHAM (NEE) MISS SYLVIA DAMPNEY

## A WIDELY-CAST NET



MISS MARY CHESTON RIDING THE WAVES AT ST. JEAN DE LUZ



AT ST. JEAN DE LUZ: MISS STELLA MORGAN AND MR. H. ST. L. SKINNER



AT PISTANY: LORD AND LADY DENBIGH AND A FRIEND (centre)



AT CANNES: CAPTAIN WOOLF BARNATO AND MISS P. MATTHEWS AND A RECORD CAR

The pictures on this page range over a wide surface of the European and Eastern Worlds. Mrs. Leetham for instance, who was formerly Miss Sylvia Dampney, the Welsh International and Sussex County Golfer, married Mr. F. H. Leetham, who is tea planting in the fascinating island of Ceylon, which might have been the place from which the author of "Florodora" drew his inspiration, for it has not been called "the scented isle" for nothing. Miss Cheston, Miss Morgan and Mr. Skinner were all disporting themselves at that charming spot on the Basque coast, St. Jean de Luz. Pistany in Czecho-Slovakia, where Lord and Lady Denbigh are taking the cure, is nowadays extremely popular, very beautiful and, it is to be hoped, may remain as inexpensive as it is reported to be. Captain Woolf Barnato, who is leaning up against his famous Le Mans Bentley heroine, is the Alexander of racing motorists, and can well afford to rest on his laurels. He has given up the extra high-speed game



MYRIO AND DESHA

A recent study in their dramatic dance sketch, "Man and Woman," of these famous dancers, who have made a name for themselves in at least two continents. Karen Jensen is the latest addition to the organization and is a partner in the enterprise, and, like Myrio and Desha, is a pupil of Michel Fokine

**T**RÈS CHER,—In the issue of August 5, on this page, a clumsily worded paragraph, due, I believe, to a last moment "cut" as my letter was too long, makes me appear to say that Paris was very "dull" and "somehow cheap" at this time of the year on account of the crowds of English and American visitors! Need I say that nothing was, or is, farther from my meaning?

**B**y the time this reaches you I shall have left the Hautes Pyrénées, where I have been spending the last ten days at Cauterets, and hope to be back again (D.V.) at my Island Farm. How glad I shall be to hear the familiar, intermittent purr and splash of the waves instead of the perpetual rushing roar of the *gave* as it comes hurtling down from the mountain to be captured, *en passant*, by the electric-power house of this tiny basin of a place. A wonderful starting-off place for excursions is Cauterets, but Heaven forbid that I shall have to stay there long, crushed in, as it is, on every side by mountain peaks, some green and lush in the sunshine, others grim, grey, snow-splashed and, most of the time, mist swathed.

**D**espite many pleasant moments this *séjour* has not aroused in me any great enthusiasm for climbing. Nothing, to my mind, so resembles one mountain walk, view or climb as another mountain ditto, ditto, ditto. Nevertheless, because of those pleasant moments, my hatred has given place to a polite toleration, and though I cannot feel much affection for the sport of scrambling up grey boulders for a five-hour stretch under a broiling sun or through drenching mists in order to accomplish a four-hour descent with bruised and twisted ankles a little later, I do realize that, strangely enough to me, it gives pleasure to an immense number of people who add to their joy of scaling what seem to me to be "inaccessible peaks," the sadistic pastime of carrying immense ruck-sacs on their shoulders full of junk that they *might* need on the trip, but that I have never yet seen in use.

## Priscilla in Paris

**Y**esterday, however, held one of the pleasant moments; indeed, they were pleasant *hours*! We went up via the Pont d'Espagne to the port de Marcadon (1,800 metres above the sea-level), where Alice Delysia-Denis, and her husband are camping. This is really a beautiful walk since, after the stiff (for me) climb from Cauterets to the Pont d'Espagne, the rest of the climbing is divided up by pleasant, level *plateaux* of short grass irrigated by burbling little streams over and through which it is a wonderful sensation to be able to walk bare-footed. I find that I cannot accustom myself to the heavy, nail-soled climbing foot-gear that most tourists use, and instead I wear the jute-soled *espadrilles* to which I am accustomed at the sea and that are also worn by the peasants in this part of the world. They may mean twisted ankles towards the end of the trip when one is tired, but I prefer twisted ankles and a few bruises to blisters any day. We found Delysia in a very housewifely mood, looking her slim and lovely self in blue linen pyjamas with ephalunt-legged trousers, washing out her hubby's woollen socks in the *gave* and putting their dressing tent tidy, for they had just returned from a three-day excursion into Spain via Boucharo and Ordesa into the Vallée d'Arzas.

**A** pleasant spot this port de Marcadon. There is a T.C.F. "refuge" where one can get one's camping material if one does not want the fag—and expense—of hiring mules to bring it up from the valley, and one can get meals there also . . . at erratic hours, but satisfying when at last they are served. Near the Delysia-Denis tents there is a deep hollow in the *gave* where diving is possible from a rickety bridge over the water. Marvellous, almost ice-cold water that arrives straight from the "eternal snows" (in patches eternal!) alone, and I enjoyed a most delicious dip and a glorious roast in the sun afterwards. It looks rather as if London is to lose Delysia for a little while, as she is considering some tempting offers to star in some French "talkies" over here this autumn. In a few days she goes back to Bidart, near Biarritz, where her summer home is next door to Spinelly's, who also is making her film début in September. Meanwhile, she is enjoying the freedom of the simple life and the Marcadon, and it was a joy to share it with her . . . if only for such a short while.—Love, TRÈS CHER, PRISCILLA.

**T**he Red Cross gala at Deauville Casino, one of the events of the season, took place last week, and had brilliant social support. Madame Conchita Supervia, the famous Spanish singer, was in magnificent voice, and out of compliment to the locality sang in French her rendering of "Bon jour, Suzon," by Delibes, and "Nicollette," by Maurice Ravel. Among those there were the Aga Khan and his wife, the Marquis and Marquise de Cramayel, and Princess de Faucigny Lucigne.



MADAME CLOTHILDE SAKHAROFF

The beautiful young Russian dancer who, with her brother, has given so many successful dance recitals in Paris. Clothilde Sakharoff has just gone back to Paris after a triumphal tour in the central European countries





### MRS. ELINOR GLYN AND A BRACE OF YOUNG FRIENDS

The famous authoress of "Three Weeks," with two gentlemen (or ladies) who cannot be much more than four times that number of weeks in the cat world. "Three Weeks," one of her most discussed books, was filmed in America in 1923, having been written as a novel in 1907. It has always been a moot point with O.E.'s whether the hero would have or would have not been permitted to roam about the world humming or singing the Eton Boating Song, because most Etonians reserve it for either the Fourth of June or Eton dinners. However it was a very good story, as were most of the talented lady's other ones. "The Visits of Elizabeth" and "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline" introduced the world to a quite new type of humanity—at that time—and so many people have modelled themselves upon those types ever since, whether successfully or not it scarcely matters to relate. These books, however, did give quite a bunch of persons a most useful lead

*Photograph by Paul Tanqueray*

## SCOTLAND CALLING: SOCIAL OCCASIONS



TREASURE HUNTING IN ANGUS: MRS. DON OF MAULESDEN ORGANIZES A SEARCH PARTY

*D. M. Laing*



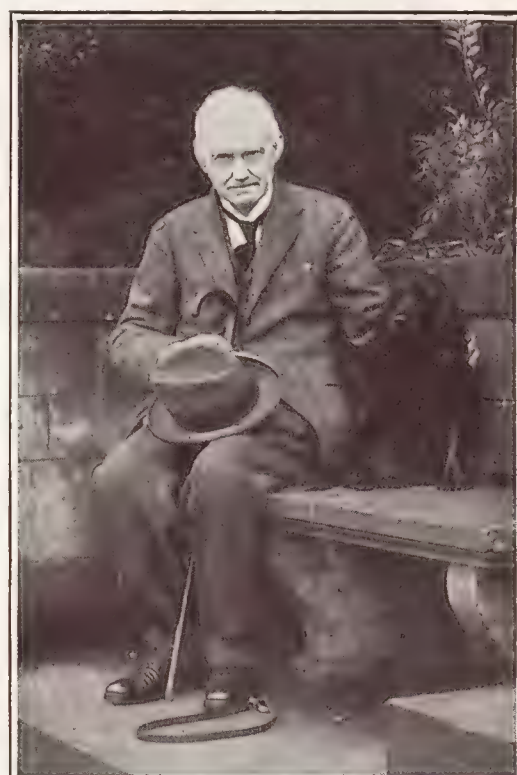
AT THE AIRLIE FLOWER SHOW: LORD LYELL, THE HON. MRS. LYELL, AND MISS MARGARET LYELL

*D. M. Laing*



IN STIRLINGSHIRE: MR. JAMES MONTEITH, BRIG.-GENERAL SIR NORMAN AND LADY ORR-EWING AND CHILDREN, AND COLONEL ARCHIBALD STIRLING

*Vickers*



AT TURNBERRY: LORD RIDDELL AND HIS COCKER SPANIEL, JUNE

*Rough Thomson*

Angus thoroughly appreciated the Treasure Hunt recently got up by Mrs. Don of Maulesden. Twenty-seven cars, each one well filled, took part, and over twenty miles were covered in the search for clues. Among the participants were Duncans of Jordanstone, Grants of Ecclesgleig, Hopes of Kennettles, Ogilvys of Inshewan, Carmichaels of Ballandoch, etc., etc. Lord Lyell, who attended the Airlie Flower Show with his mother and sister, succeeded his grandfather in 1926. His place, Kinnordy, is near Kirriemuir, the birthplace of Sir James Barrie. Sir Norman Orr-Ewing and his wife had their daughter, Jean, and their youngest son, Robert, with them when they were photographed at a Stirlingshire agricultural gathering. Sir Norman had official duties to perform when Their Majesties were at Holyrood last month, for he is a member of the Royal Company of Archers. He commanded the 2nd Batt. Scots Guards and the 45th Brigade during the Great War. Lord Riddell, the famous newspaper magnate, had a serious illness not long ago, but is finding Turnberry air a wonderful restorative. His Cocker positively refused to be left behind.





## MISS MARION DAVIES

*By Autori*

An impression of the famous American film star, who, like so many more of the big noises in the movies, graduated in the Ziegfeld Follies. Miss Marion Davies is also one of the most "painted" ladies in the States, and has been a much-sought-after model by famous artists like Harrison Fisher, Penrhyn Stanlaws, and others, long before Autori tackled her! She is the daughter of a New York judge, and her real name is Marion Douras





IN A CLASS BY ITSELF



"THE CAMERONIANS—"



FRED DARLING, MR. J. A. DEWAR, AND FREDDIE FOX  
The big three who are out to win the triple crown ("Guineas," Derby, and St. Leger)



ON THE

By F. Stuart





## NIGHT TIDE

Richardson, R.I.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

# ABDULLA BALLADS



## THE MOONDIAL

A velvet shadow on the cold grey stone  
 Records this silver hour;  
 Your little hand lies folded in my own—  
 Soft as a moon-blanced flower . . .

The shadow stirs—Time will not let me say  
 The sweetest words of all;  
 E'en as Abdulla's Fragrance floats away,  
 It speeds beyond recall.

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN





A VISITOR TO THE FLY FISHERS' CLUB SPEAKS OF A WORM

By H. M. Bateman





*"The Fountain of Health"*

**Schweppes**  
Soda Water

Don't say "Whisky & Soda," say **"WHISKY & Schweppe"**



# PEOPLE HOLLYWOOD KNOWS VERY WELL



LILLIAN BOND AT HOLLYWOOD

Lillian Bond is an English girl who, after trying her luck on Broadway, got wafted to Hollywood by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Film Corporation, and has never had any particular reason to regret it. She is rated to be as clever as she is easy to look at—and this picture was taken when it was far warmer on the Pacific slope than it is or has been in her native land of late. Charlie Chaplin's picture—only recently released—was a "still" taken when he was looking on at the production of his last big picture, "City Lights," which, of course, half the world has seen by this. Janet Gaynor, now in the picture of "Daddy Long Legs" at the Tivoli, was in "Seventh Heaven" with Charles Farrell when the picture on this page was taken. In "Daddy Long Legs" her leading man is Warner Baxter.



"CHARLIE!"



JANET GAYNOR AND CHARLES FARRELL



# PERSONALITIES AND THE CAMERA



Miss Compton Collier  
THE HON. MRS. JOHN BRUCE



D. Wilson  
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM AND  
LADY CHILDS IN SCOTLAND



Herbert F. Joyce

## AN EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY PARTY AT BOYTON MANOR, WILTSHIRE

When Constantia Lady Fane recently celebrated her eightieth birthday a huge family party gathered at Boyton Manor to deliver personal good wishes. In this group are: In front—Charles Fane, Miss Rumbold, and John Fane (grand-children); seated—Lady Fane and her sister Janet Lady Slade; standing—Miss Charmian Fane (grand-daughter), Major H. N. Fane (son), Lady Rumbold (daughter), and Miss Wingfield (grand-daughter). Lady Fane is the widow of Sir Edmund Fane, K.C.M.G.



Swabe

## LORD AND LADY ABERDARE WITH THEIR CHILDREN IN HYDE PARK

The Hon. Rosalind Bruce did not approve of meeting the camera when she and her brother Nigel and young sister Gwyneth were taking exercise one morning in the Park with their parents. Lord Aberdare, who succeeded two years ago, is a very well-known cricketer, a first-class racquets player who has had several successes in the amateur championship, and an expert at real tennis. The Hon. Mrs. John Bruce, his sister-in-law, was photographed at her Welsh home, Cefnpennar House, near Mountain Ash, in Glamorganshire. Her little girls are named Daphne Juliet and Gillian Constance. The latter was born last year



Miss Compton Collier

## AT HUNTERCOMBE PLACE: LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR FRANCIS AND LADY McCLEAN.

Sir Francis McClean, who served in the Great War with the R.N.A.S., was knighted in 1926. His wife was formerly Miss Aileen Wale. Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, who did such good service as Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, is thoroughly enjoying his Scottish holiday at Dalmunzie, Glenshee, where he and his wife lead a very active life



## BACK IN ENGLAND AGAIN



### THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF READING AT DEAL CASTLE

These two pleasing pictures of Lord and Lady Reading were taken at Deal Castle after they had got back from a short honeymoon "somewhere on the Continent." They were married only on August 6. The announcement took most people, other than their intimate friends, by surprise. The new Lady Reading, formerly Miss Stella Charnaud, was with Lord Reading throughout his Indian Viceroyalty, and was his personal Private Secretary, and displayed a wonderful talent for tackling the many thorny problems which beset Viceroys of India. Lord Reading has been Captain of Deal Castle since 1926, the year in which his Indian Viceroyalty came to an end.



RETIRED!

The gentleman gave up fox-hunting at the end of last season and is endeavouring to overcome the resultant boredom. The owner says that he is the only hound he knows who has acquired the polite habit of sitting up and begging. He is not the only one by a good many. There is a charming "lady" in the Sinnington kennel who does it, even if you so much as look at her

IN a recent communication from a newspaper correspondent in America, it is stated that a shock to the confidence usually felt in Federal justice was caused by reports, never officially denied, that the Department of Justice had been bargaining with Al Capone on the length of the sentence he should receive in return for a plea of "guilty," his Boy Friend "Legs" having just been presented with four "stretch." We are pretty well Americanized over here, but we have not quite arrived at such slick and up-to-date methods as this. Admittedly, we are eager to learn and be really modern, but we have not got all the way yet—no Sirree! To show what willing and absorbent guys we are, however, expressions like "Oh yeah!" "You've spat a bibfull, baby!" "O Kay Chief," "Sez you," etc., are now part of the current coin of our conversation; long ago we adopted the American jockey seat, even over Aintree, and heaven knows, we have been trying to play American polo for a dickens of a time.

ALL these things we have done, and therefore I see no reason whatever why in the near future the happy state of affairs now said to be existing between the American judiciary and the world's greatest wine, beer, and spirit merchant should not have its repercussions in our own courts. It only remains for us, in return for certain gentlemen cutting out all that about "temporary insanity," "uncontrollable impulse," "shaky hand with the weed-killer tin," etc., and substituting a manly "I done it!" to strike a fair bargain with them. Is it not quite possible that we shall hear a conversation something like this at the Central Criminal Court some day soon?

"I hope you won't take anything I've just said too much to heart. It's a mere form of words—just the prescribed drill, you know—just that! Don't take too much notice, old sport, of all that bunk about being hanged by the neck till you're dead . . ."

"Oh, gracious, no, my dear feller! As a matter of fact I've been rather sleepy after lunch and didn't quite catch what you were saying . . ."



A LE TOUQUET GROUP

Mrs. Vernon Deane, who is in the centre, writes under the name of V. I. Longman, and is the authoress of "That Little Candle." Mr. Michael Balkwill, who is on the left, is the winner of this year's Newdigate, and Mr. Spencer Watts, on the right, is the author of "Yesterday's To-morrow." In private life he is Captain W. B. Churchill-Layman

## Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

"Oh, I'm so glad! I wouldn't for *worlds* say anything unpleasant to you—*especially* after having been up at The House together and all that . . . Now the *only* thing outstanding between us is the date. How would 8 a.m. next Thursday week do you?"

"Thursday week? Now, I'm *certain* I've got something on on Thursday week. Yes, I remember now: I've got a Board Meeting and a deuce of a lot of letters to write! I'm terribly sorry, but I'm afraid Thursday week is *absolutely* off the map."

"Oh, forgive me. It was merely a tentative suggestion! How would the 9th of September do?"

"My *dear* feller, I know you are trying to help me; but—come, come, you surely know that's Leger day, and as I've got two running and the trainer particularly wants me to be there as he expects a spot of bother if we win with the one

the public hasn't backed. . . . You get the idea?"

"Of course, of course, how dense of me! Which one was it you said one ought to back? . . ."

"I didn't say, as a matter of fact, as there are such a lot of people listening, but if you'll come down *below* after the show I'll tell you!"

"I'd simply love to, especially as my wife told me to get it out of you if I could—and, as to *the* date, let's leave it open, shall we? And now, *where* would you like to stay in the meanwhile? Parkhurst?"

"Parkhurst! Very kind of you, I'm sure, to think of the Wight—but, frankly, sea air never *has* agreed with me, and I've never been able to bring myself to like yachting—also a chap I know who was staying there said it was deadly dull, and the boat service to the mainland simply rotten!"

"Well, how about The Scrubs or Wandsworth?"

"Not The Scrubs, old boy—the waiting is very bad, so's the food, and it's too infernally suburban. Of course you're not serious about Wandsworth?"

"No, of course not; that was a slip! Why not Pentonville—fairly central for the clubs and the theatres—or would you rather be somewhere near Torquay?"

"Torquay! No, old boy; I don't think I should like Torquay—far too shut in!"

"Well how about Dartmoor?"

"My *dear* chap, you're trying to pull my leg! You know perfectly well that one is a dashed sight *more* shut in at Dartmoor than one ever is at Torquay!"

"Oh, well, you let me know—and you won't forget about the Leger, will you?"

"No, of course not! Whoever else backs the one that's *not* trying, it shan't be *you*—or that charming wife of yours!"

"Too kind of you. Well, so long till *apéritif* time!"

All this is merely put forward as a rough idea for the creation of a matey-er atmosphere between those who administer the Law and the large body of persons who are so absent-minded as to fail to observe it.





# WHIMSICAL WALKERS

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CL292

# POLO NOTES : By "SERREFILE."



THE MENETMONT TEAM IN BIARRITZ

This team (Major Halliday, Colonel O'Malley Keyes, Mr. H. S. Cram, and Mr. Anthony Drexel) played a triangular match against the Biarritz Polo Club and the Beyns team. Colonel O'Malley Keyes was Master of "The Blazers" from 1926 to 1928

**A** REUTER'S cable from Westbury, U.S.A., dated August 8, is not quite intelligible till we get some more detail, for it is not clear what the Argentine expeditionary force which has gone north is up to. The cablegram said:

"Santa Paula (Argentine) beat a picked United States team by 10 goals to 7 here yesterday. The winners, with Hurlingham, another Argentine club, will compete in the Open Championship which begins at Meadow Brook Club about September 1. Six teams have entered and include the only three 10-goal players in the world—Lacey, who leads Hurlingham, Lewis, and Captain C. T. I. Roark, who is to play for the Anglo-American Hurricanes."

Lacey we know, and Roark we know, but who is "Lewis," and what has Tommy Hitchcock done? Either the operator or his "editor" has got a bit mixed. Mr. Lacey's Christian name is "Lewis." The telegram, in any case, is rather difficult to understand, as the previous information was that the Argentine team was sending up its International team to give the U.S.A. a return match for the North v. South Cup which America won in 1928 by 2 to 1 after about as hard and bitter a scrap as any International teams have ever had to take on, both Mr. Lacey and Mr. Jack Nelson getting badly knocked about by falls in the very rough games which took place. When Major E. G. Atkinson came back from America after his second visit with our own International team he expressed the opinion that American polo was not a game but a battle. I have only seen American football once: the Montrealer and Quebecker match, but the impression lingering in my memory is that it was rather like the historic occasion mentioned by an Irish bard, "the night that Larry was stretched." They carried off the apparently dead at frequent intervals, and all games on the other side of the Atlantic appear to be played far more strenuously, let us say,

than they are on our side of that heaving ocean. I do not think that this is to the good. A game is a game; war is war, and it would be better that they should be kept each in its own sphere.

**I**t is more than probable, I should think, even though this Reuter's cable makes no mention of the fact and is, *quâ* "information," a bit incomplete, that the North v. South Cup will be played for as was originally announced, and that these two teams from the Argentine, Santa Paula and the Hurlingham (Buenos Aires) team, are merely two units of the invading army

from which eventually the Argentine International team will be picked. Santa Paula being presumably the second string, it is arguable that the Hurlingham (Buenos Aires) team has been tried to be a good deal better. America had to go for her life to keep that North v. South Cup last time in 1928, and it is a moot point whether she would have kept it at all if in that third match Mr. Lacey had not been still suffering from an injured hand he collected in the second, and Mr. Jack Nelson got a bumper that would have killed most people. If it is played for again this year it is certain to be as much of a "needle" fight as it was last time, and I would give a good deal to be able to see it. That, however, in these hard times is quite impossible. I suggest it would have amplified "The Baron's" message advantageously if he had mentioned the names of the Santa Paula team which beat "a picked United States team" 10 to 7! The Santa Paula team must have been selected from

the following: Alfredo Harrington (6), Andres Gazotti (5), José Reynal (8), Manuel Andrada (8)—a player we know over here—and Juan Reynal (6)—but it would have added a bit of value if we had been told, and also, as I say, the names of the American team.



THE MANCHESTER POLO TEAM

In the annual contest played between Toulston (Yorks) and Manchester for the Russell Allen Cup, Manchester won by 9 to 2. The names in the picture, left to right, are: Mr. A. J. Crewdson, Mr. F. E. F. Spiegelberg, Mr. D. P. G. Moseley, and Mr. N. Hardy

**A**s to the American Open Championship in which our Captain C. T. I. Roark will be yet once again playing for Mr. Laddie Sanford's Hurricanes, there is no news as to who else besides the "owner" and Captain Roark will be in it. Last year the Hurricanes team was—Mr. S. Sanford (1), Mr. E. L. Pedley (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), and Mr. R. E. Strawbridge, jun. (back), and they won for the third year in succession, beating Templeton by 6 to 5 only. Mr. W. F. C. Guest is reported to be now in at No. 2 instead of Mr. Eric Pedley. This result last year interested us a good deal, and must still do so, because the Templeton back was our 1930 International back, Mr. Humphrey Guinness, and in view of what London has seen of him during

(Continued on p. vi)





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## Bubble and Squeak

The *nouveau-riche* family were just returning from their first day's shooting; there seemed to be several casualties. First, the father with his arm in a sling; next, one son limping; then the daughter with her head bandaged.

An old ghillie met them and inquired if they had had a good day. The father replied it had been terrible.

"But the bag, sir," the ghillie said, pointing to the second son, who had just arrived with a sack on his back.

"That," said the father dismally, "is the dog."

During his round of golf Jones noticed many little bits of paper on the ground.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "Paper-chase! Queer that we've seen nothing of them during the round!"

"Oh, that's simply owing to it being medal day at the club," replied his partner. "They always begin to tear up the cards just about this hole."

It was his first evening at fishing.

"I've sat for four-and-a-half hours on the river bank over there—

and, believe me, I never got a single bite! I don't think I'll ever make an angler," he wailed.

"You certainly won't, my lad," said the hardened fisherman, "if you persist in sticking to the truth like that!"



CRUISING OFF CANNES: LADY CASTLEROSSE AND MR. JOHN McMULLEN

Another of those snapshots which make people in England a bit envious. Lady Castlerosse, who was married in 1928, was Miss Doris Delavigne. Lord Castlerosse is one of the busiest of our modern paragraphists and also a director of newspapers

IN the days before oil was discovered in Texas, a travelling man stopped for the night at a dry land ranch near Wink.

As he discussed the affairs of the country with his host, he became more and more puzzled as to how the little ranch paid its way. At last he ventured the question:

"How in the world do you make a go of things at all?"

Indicating the hired man, who was sitting at the far end of the supper-table, the host replied:

"You see that feller there? Well, he works for me, and I can't pay him. In two years he gets the ranch. Then I work for him till I git it back."

The flower-seller was importuning the young man to buy some blooms. "Go on!" he urged; "buy a bunch of flowers for yer sweetheart."

"No, thanks," replied the man, "I haven't got a sweetheart."

The flower-seller was ready, however.

"Buy some for your wife, sir," he pleaded.

"I'm not married," snapped the other.

"Well, buy the 'ole blinkin' lot to celebrate yer luck," put in the flower-seller, bitterly.

At St. Andrews, where the Old, New, and Jubilee courses all run alongside one another, a player sliced from the Old on to the New, and sliced his next shot on to the Jubilee.

"What is the line, now?" he asked his caddie.

"Well," was the retort, "if ye'll make up yer mind which course ye want to play on, I'll soon gi'e ye the line."

The burglar and his assistant were robbing a safe, when suddenly the burglar fell over a chair.

"Who's there?" cried a voice from the bedroom.

"Meow, meow," cried the clumsy one, picking himself up quietly.

Silence followed, until the assistant fell over the same chair.

Again came a voice from the adjoining room, "Who's there?"

"Another cat," exclaimed the assistant hurriedly.

It was a dark night, and after the break-down the motorist emerged from beneath the car struggling for breath. His helpful wife, holding an oil-can, beamed on him.

"I've just given the cylinder a thorough oiling, Dick, dear," she said.

"Cylinder!" he howled, "that wasn't the cylinder; it was my ear!"



AT BIARRITZ: LADY MOON AND MISS DOROTHY ABBOTT

Whilst we shiver in England and live an amphibious existence, there are spots where you bathe if you want to be cool. Lady Moon and Miss Abbott are sisters. Sir Arthur Moon, Bart., succeeded to the title in 1911, and married the then Miss Constance Abbott in 1928



# BEAUTIFUL SPAIN



An aspect of the Monastery of ESCORIAL.



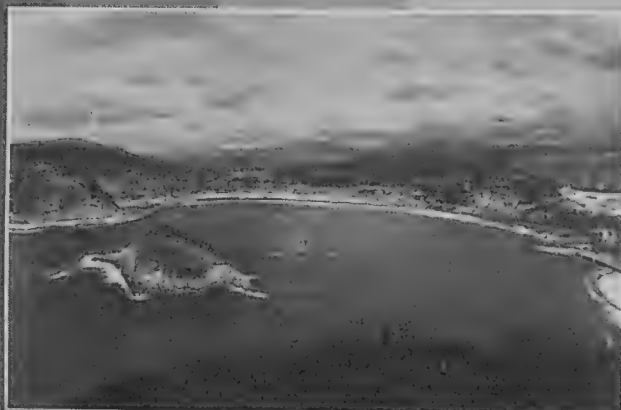
GRANADA. The Alhambra Courtyard of the Lions.



SEGOVIA. The Castle.



SANTANDER. Polo Field.



SAN SEBASTIAN From Monte Igeldo.



MADRID. Plaza de Castelar and Alcalá Street.

## VISIT SPAIN where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling

The country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land. In these days of economic depression money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain, at PARIS, 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; NEW YORK, 695, Fifth Avenue; ROME, 9, Via Condotti; GIBRALTAR, 63-67, Main Street. At LONDON and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Litts, or The American Express or any other Travel Agency.

# PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.



THE HAILEYBURY COLLEGE XI v. AN M.C.C. XI

Crisp

The two teams taken at the annual match at Haileybury, which the school won by six wickets. The M.C.C. got 233 for 7 (dec.), and the school then went in and hit up 235 for four—W. T. C. Rogerson, 89. The names of the two sides and their supporters are appended

Haileybury—Left to right: Standing—F. L. Bowley (umpire), D. N. Osborne, A. W. Barton, D. F. Hill, S. H. Romer, J. W. Yates, G. N. A. Scott; seated—W. T. C. Rogerson, E. J. Unwin, F. J. Seabrook (cricket master and coach), J. A. H. Wolff (captain), C. E. Allen, and A. G. Pilbrow

M.C.C.—Left to right: Back row, standing—Beet (umpire), R. H. J. Brooke, G. C. Melhuish, J. T. Nene, S. C. B. Lee, and P. N. Durlacher; front row, sitting—F. P. Longton, F. G. Thorne, B. D. Hylton-Stewart (captain), J. A. Baiss, H. E. Carris, and L. B. Neame

## Traffic Census.

**N**O doubt in your comings and goings upon your lawful occasions in the King's highways you have recently remarked a number of little huts, some of the most elementary pattern, others quite elaborate, which you might have taken to be the hostels of vertical hikers. Of course they were nothing of the kind; they were the temporary and blissful abode of studious persons whose mission in life it was to record the passage of every motor-car, motor-cycle, coach, lorry, and circus tractor. Seeing that it poured with rain every day whilst the road census was in operation, I have nothing but sympathy for these hard-working "gentlemanly pencilers." They had a rotten job, even though it might have been alleviated by the excellent chance they had of winning a "Spot the Cars" competition.

By the way, I thought this was rather good. An angry motorist, having been kept waiting about five minutes—which always seems longer—whilst a gang of labourers manipulated a monstrous tar-spraying machine to and fro across a narrow road, so as to give him room to get by, shouted, as at last an opening presented itself, "What the hell do you think you're doing?" "Spotting the cars, sir," replied the foreman. And it was *le mot juste*. But these are digressions. What I wanted to tell you was about a pal o' mine in whose veracity I put a touching faith. He is a born wangler. The number of hams he collected from innocent quartermaster-sergeants during the war must have run into dozens. Those of us who were intimate with him used to say that when the Day of Peace dawned it would find his little place at home a solid mass of tanks, aeroplanes, lorries, staff-cars, motor-bikes, wireless sets, and all sorts of other scrounged junk. And as a matter of fact we were not so very far wrong. There was a German touring car—but never mind about it. All ancient history. Nevertheless, the bent of a man's mind persists. Very well then. A year or two ago (so this pal o' mine assures me) there was another road census. He, and perhaps half-a-dozen others, live upon a by-road, and the condition of that by-road was not pleasing to the little community. They got up a not very formidable "round

robin" and sent it to the local council, but the latter did not seem to be particularly interested in the pot-holes of which they complained. So this pal o' mine, who at that time was quite closely connected with the motor business, hatched a plot. During the census week he begged, borrowed, or stole every motor-car that he could get wind of. He kept open house, to which Warren Street, Great Portland Street, and the Euston Road contributed a full quota. There was a whisky-and-soda, or a bun, as the case might be (few in the motor trade will do anything for buns), for everyone who would drive round a little circuit. Of course, they all fell for the conspiracy. Round and round they went, day after day, so that the poor wretch in the sentry-box wore out his pencils and skinned his tongue trying to keep track of them.

Systematically they swopped hats and other commanding factors of identification. The result was that this lane, for such it is (you can still picnic there in perfect peace), exhibited a volume of traffic about five times as great as the local main road. After a discreet interval this pal o' mine approached the local surveyor, renewed his complaint and, in a most propitiating way, said that he was quite prepared to abide by the results of the census—but, all the same, he would like to see that road made good. That was a long time ago. To-day it is still a wonderful little road. I daresay that six cars, twelve tradesmen's vehicles, and four perambulators use it every day—and, so far, it shows little sign of wear. There was, by the way, a trifle of gravel and sand and tar that (I suspect) found its way into this pal o' mine's drive and garden paths. But who am I to attempt to identify a bit of flint? Far be it from me to tax him with a crime. But, as I say, he is a born scrounger, and of a diplomatic character so well developed that income-tax collectors and rates extractors go upon their knees before him. In the recent census he took no interest. "They made our lane so good," he says, "that it will last for years—especially as three out of the six houses are 'for sale.'"

It is true.

**M**y estimable editor gives me a certain amount of licence of which (I think you must grant) I seldom take advantage.

(Continued on p. viii.)



MRS. BRYCE ALLAN AND "BONCO"

A friendly-like picture taken on the Scottish moors, Ballykinrain Castle, Stirlingshire. Bonco, like most of his breed, is one of the best-natured things on four legs, and is a great ally of his mistress, who is the wife of Mr. Bryce Allan of Ballykinrain Castle, a Director of the Allan Line of Steamers

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday





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## MELELE

By LESLIE T. BARNARD

THE stout man with the florid face relapsed into the park seat and mopped his forehead with a huge handkerchief.

"Hot, isn't it?" he said to the other occupant of the seat.

"Hot!" The young man gave a smile that had no mirth, that twisted his mouth, but left his sombre eyes unchanged. "You call this hot? I guess you've never been abroad—anywhere near the Lukala Kula Islands?"

"Now where have I heard that name?" mused the stout man. "Somewhere—just recently."

"Not from anyone that has lived there." The reply came like a shot from a gun. "Few can resist or leave the scented lure of those magic islands, the perfumed glades, the lagoons, as clear and deceiving as a lady's mirror, even if they could spurn the dusky charms of Melele Kua. Melele . . . Melele."

The name came in a whisper, like an impassioned prayer.

"Melele Kua—Lukala Kula. The combination of names seems irresistible." The stout man looked curiously at the bowed figure of this strange young man. "Did you find it so?"

"Irresistible, maddening. Melele, undisputed queen of the islands, dusky siren who could draw a tune from your heart-strings as Kubelik could from a fiddle. There was a tinge of Spanish blood in her native veins that imparted an old-time coquetry to a nature that was unashamedly bold. To lie in her arms, among the intoxicating scent of the garlands she wore, was to sip the heady nectar of life. But—but that was before Bull Flynn touched Lukala Kua."

"Yes—yes. Before Bull Flynn put in an appearance." There was repressed eagerness in the stout man's voice.

"They called him Bull Flynn because of the thick coarse neck that was planted on his massive shoulders like a young oak tree." The young man had the air of one living in the past, a curiously strained quality about him that defied description. "Melele, as fickle as ever, fell in love with his strength, his towering bulk, while I and Tua, the pearl diver, languished in the distance. But I bore you?"

"You do not. Have a cigarette? I am very interested."

"Down in Chew Magna, just out of Bristol, they'd laugh to think anyone could be interested in David Masters. I was a dead-beat, a failure. There was a girl—but she needn't come into this. It was she who urged me to get away—to find a niche for myself and be a success. God, but I could laugh. She held out a promise—said she'd wait—and drove me into the shapely arms of Melele Kua."

"I don't quite know what combination of events took me to the Lukala Kula Islands. I remember some pretty queer jobs on the water-front at Sydney, then a job on a trader with a brutal skipper, and leaving the boat at midnight to find sanctuary in the hut of Melele. Fate guided my feet through the tropic vegetation to Melele. 'Twas as if her brown eyes were a beacon to light my way—but Melele's eyes were lightships to many mariners in those seas."

The young man puffed his cigarette to a fierce glow.

"I lay hidden in Melele's hut four days, until the trader cast off. They searched for me; I could hear them cursing as they tramped about the hut that Melele's presence kept inviolate. Perhaps it was my weakness that attracted this vigorous young savage, my puny self that stirred her maternal instincts just as Bull Flynn's masculinity flushed her womanly surrender. But I basked in her favour many moons before Bull came."

"I built myself a hut near Melele. I wish I could describe her to you. She was beautiful. The mould was cast away when she was born. Sloe black eyes of infinite allure set in a face that, in contrast to her darker skinned sisters, seemed as a white girl's delicately tanned. Lips full and red, with the resistance of an over-ripe plum."

" . . . But I don't want you to get the idea that Melele was an exotic flower, capable only of twining hibiscus into garlands or watching her reflection in the limpid pools by the lagoon."

"Melele was strong—she cooked for me, nursed me through a fever, and later taught me to dive for the pearls in the lagoon."

To watch Melele dive was a sight for the gods. Her slim brown body, naked but for a thin loin cloth, would cleave the water like a knife, and from the boat I could look into the crystal depths and watch her scrabbling shell from the bottom. I grew strong, tough, could wield a knife like her own kindred. If I couldn't I should have died that night Tua ambushed me when, mad with rage, with jealousy, he came at me with a shark knife, there in the thick forest behind the huts.

"It was soon after that that Bull Flynn came. He came as I did, swam from a boat at night and crept into the forest to hide. I think he was wanted for murder in America; in his mad moments, after a calabash of native wine, he used to boast of it. And as he postured and swaggered Melele would squat at his feet, her eyes soft, her body quivering with the sweetness of surrender. She who had known but the slim youths of the islands rejoiced over the girth and towering height of Bull. He had a roughness that she loved, as a kitten after its first fright adores a friendly bull pup."

"Soon I was committed to a hut the other side of the village. I fought Bull for the privilege of the hut near Melele, was beaten, and lay exhausted, sore, and bleeding outside Melele's hut while Melele tended what few puny bruises Bull bore. And as I lay there, listening to Melele's soft crooning voice and Bull's rough rejoinders and pictured her soft, brown arms about his coarse, full neck, a fierce hate consumed me. I would kill him."

The young man mashed his cigarette on the park seat, and threw the shredded ends away.

"Those Polynesians," he went on bitterly, "have no respect for a white man who lives with a native girl. For one who is spurned and turned away they have nothing but loathing and disgust. In my lonely hut I was an exile, tormented by the vision of Melele's lips on Flynn's coarse face, his huge, hairy arms about her slim loveliness, her raven black hair cascading over his massive shoulders. Unseen, I watched them dive together in the lagoon, Bull going over the side like an expert, glorying in his perfect body, his magnificent strength."

"Tua came to see me sometimes. Tua was a sick boy. Melele was his woman, he'd say; without her he would die. They'd grown up together. Those two young savages had been betrothed in the way of the islanders. There isn't a love quite so single or so earnest as these young Polynesian gods. And Tua—he came to see me I say. We talked of Melele, of Bull Flynn, and I could see he hated Bull with a hatred fiercer than mine. And mine ate into my very soul."

"Late one night I came out of my hut, when the whole southern hemisphere seemed under the spell of the tropic moon. The lagoon glinted like a sheet of silver, the squat hull of a boat that was about to depart the only dull note in its glittering expanse. I could hear Melele's guitar, with Bull's voice, thick with drink, shouting a tipsy accompaniment. I pictured the scene—Melele on her scented couch, and Bull, flushed with wine—God! I went mad at that moment."

"I searched for a weapon. I couldn't find the special knife I needed, the one with my initials carved on the handle, so I stuck an old shark knife in my belt and crept towards Melele's hut."

"Like a snake I slithered inside, Bull's loud voice covering any slight sound I might have made. Those two had eyes for no one but each other, and a wild, insensate joy seized me. I would kill Bull before Melele's eyes. I would plunge my knife in that full red neck which she clasped. And then—but I had no thought of afterwards. To stop Bull's huge hands touching Melele's beautiful form was all I wanted."

"I lay quiet. So very quiet. It was hot, this tropic night, the heat in that hut seemed to attack me in waves. But I didn't move. I waited my chance. And when Melele took her arms from about Bull's neck and composed herself on her fragrant bed, I gripped my knife, had it poised ready, when Bull gave a fiendish yell and slumped heavily to the floor."

"In that stupefying minute I saw a lean shape hurtling from the shadows beside me. It was Tua. And when I recognized as my knife the one quivering in Bull's neck I saw through that young savage's cunning. He had been friendly with me, waiting his opportunity to steal my well-known knife,

(Continued on p. viii)



A hot afternoon . . . slow  
scoring . . . drowsiness . . .  
no wickets . . .

Ah! the tea interval!

'Tea' you said?

For you, if you like!  
Mine's a Johnnie Walker  
long and very cool,  
and as welcome as a  
long hop on the leg side.

**JOHNNIE WALKER**

Born 1820—still going strong.



# Eve at Golf

By ELEANOR E. HELME

IT is great news that Great Britain is really going to play France, the date and course now being announced for Saturday, October 10, at Oxhey. That is the day after the finals of "Britannia and Eve's" Autumn Foursomes, which seems to suggest that we shall have a most distinguished and welcome number of our French friends over at Ranelagh—which is always welcome and to be desired.

The chief thought of the moment is sympathy for the British selection committee. If picking an English side of nine is difficult, what will it be like when not only England but also Scotland, Ireland, and Wales have to come into the reckoning as well, and there are only six places in all to be filled? May one offer a little sympathy to the selectors—and eventually many congratulations to the selected.

The way of a selection committee is always hard. Pitfalls surround them; criticism hurtles at their head from every quarter. If every captain of one's acquaintance is to be prevented flying at one's head, there is only one moment of the year when the thorny subject of selection can be written about. That is in the off season when nobody is keeping a watchful eye on any young player or a distrustful one on an old. In July or August the young may break all records; the old too, helped by the run of the ground, may potter round in scores which suggest that their day is not yet done; nobody will heed these performances or look on them as giving claim to the place in the sun. The question of International teams will not arise till October; the fierce battle for places in county sides is over and done with.

Two points above all others strike the onlooker in this matter of selection, or rather one is a matter of selection and the other of captaincy. The points arise and are equally applicable whether it is a county or a club side in question. International honours are different; the team is chosen for three definite matches; when those are over it ceases to exist, and only something very burning in the way of national patriotism such as animates the Scot can ever make of an International team anything but a heterogeneous collection of players. County captains have a smaller public to please, yet in a sense a more difficult one because there are many members of a county club whose ideas are wholly local. Because Miss A. has failed to qualify in the Blankshire County Championship; because Miss B. has lost to Miss C. in the first round of that event; because Miss D. has not won by a thumping margin at the bottom of her team, some county captains are apt to omit these players from the team, although they may have done brilliantly in the Close or Open Championship. Now that is not the way to build up a winning side. The player who has the temperament to take her into the later stages of a National or Open Championship is



Mrs. Percy Garon, who has just won the German Women's Open Championship. This event dates from 1921, and it is the first time an Englishwoman has secured the title



Miss Gill Rudgard was runner-up to Mrs. Garon in the 36-holes final of the German Open played at Hamburg. She was beaten 4 and 2

the player who will come on and win matches for her county. Time and again one sees a coming-on player wasted, so far as her county team is concerned, simply by a dead conservatism which holds that the players who did well for their county last season ought not to be pushed out for any young thing who has merely, so they term it, distinguished herself in championships. That is a sure way to ask for defeat, just as a club captain will lose matches if she sticks to her stodgy old members instead of giving a chance to those who are going about the country and doing well outside club circles.

The other fatal error in captaincy is to impart a feeling of uncertainty to the players chosen. The third string who feels that a defeat or two will send her down in the team, the last player who goes in dread of being pushed out altogether—these will never do themselves justice or their side any good. Whilst it is equally bad for any older player to look on her place as a prerogative which can never be taken away, it is extraordinarily unsettling for a young one to feel that at any moment she may be dismissed from the side. Lack of concentration is the inevitable result, because she is not thinking of the shot she has to play but of what is going to happen if she should be beaten.

Of course, the really great player will rise above all these things; though her county scorns her and her captain discourages, she will go on making her name outside that little circle until it can ignore her no longer, but in the meantime the county has perhaps wasted some of the best years of the player's golf, possibly even stunted its growth. It would be such fun to mention names, but hardly politic! There are any number of captains who can fit on the cap, or players who can think gratefully that at least somebody sympathizes with them.

All that the ordinary player can do about it is to exercise such discretion as may be hers in the choice of captains, whether for club or county purposes. When the autumn comes, county captains will be chosen by vote of their members, and it is those members' own fault if they put into office officials who will neglect their young players or take local rather than Open performances as a guide to form. If a country generally gets the government it deserves, it is equally certain that the same applies to golfers, whether they be merely clubs or county associations.

## GIRLS' CHAMPIONSHIP AND AUTUMN FOURSOMES

Entry forms are in the  
August number of  
"Britannia and Eve"



Dogs are a feature at most meetings nowadays. Here is Billy Blue with his owner, Miss Vereker, Camberley Heath's Hon. Secretary





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# INTERNATIONAL COLONIAL EXHIBITION

# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE



Model, Harvey Nichols

*Fashion is devoting her particular attention to woven and knitwear modes, and in this respect her wheel revolves very rapidly. The model above, from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, is of a deep bottle-green shade flecked with the new grey-white tint to harmonise with the fur which trims it. The revers are novel and becoming, and although the belt is of suède the cost is merely nine and a half guineas.*

*A study in black and white is this sports ensemble from Fenwick's, 63, New Bond Street, W. It is one of their most interesting models not only because of the wasp-striped bolero, but because of the white tuck-in pull-over. There are many variations on this theme in many colour schemes. The felt hat which completes the picture may also be seen in these salons. It is companioned with tricorne models*



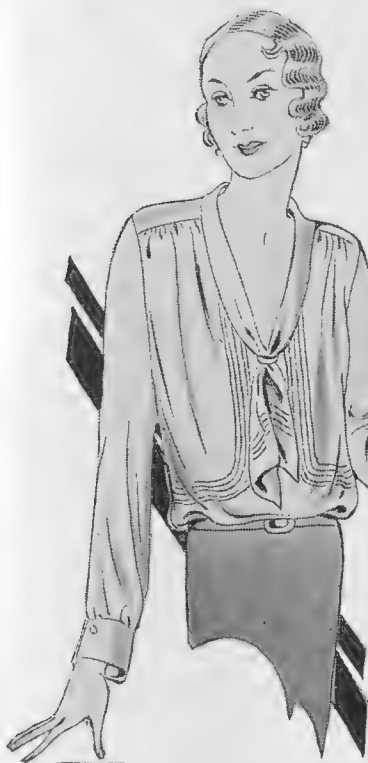
Model, Fenwick

Pictures by Blake



# The Importance of the Blouse

Since fashion proclaims this a Tailored Season—the Blouse will once again share limelight. Here then are three early models—to wear with Morning Suits. Any of them will complete the trim outline demanded by your tailor-made, and you will find them incredibly inexpensive—sheer delight to your purse.



Blouse in crêpe suède with stitching in deeper shade for trimming. In ivory, pink, parchment, light beige, beige, lemon, green. Price **20/-**

O.S. 4/- extra.



A pleasant blouse in suède crêpe adorned with hand embroidery and tiny tucks. In ivory, beige, parchment, lemon, green and pink, light beige.

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BRITISH  
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Dainty Blouse in suède crêpe with front panel hand embroidered spots to tone. In ivory, beige, parchment, lemon, pink, green. Price **20/-**

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# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

## Notes from the Paris Openings.

Now that the First Paris Openings are over, it is possible to discuss autumn fashions with a certain amount of authority, eliminating the more exaggerated notes which were present in the afternoon and evening dresses. Wrap-coats were very important, but it must frankly be admitted that there are not many changes to chronicle where they are concerned. Some of them were waisted and were endowed with a decided *flair* just before the knees were reached, others wrapped over and were innocent of fastenings. Neither must it be overlooked that some were influenced by the Guards coat, and it was evident that an attempt was being made to create a vogue for double-breasted affairs. There were a few models of the dolman character.

## The Coachman's Cape.

An important feature of some of the coats was the coachman's cape composed of two or three tiers, the stand-up collar being of fur. The detachable cape with fox collar, finished with a belt at the back, was well represented; it was of the same material as the coat. There were many variations on scarf collars trimmed with fur, the ends being passed through slots; then in some models there was a simulated cape; it is a conceit that is particularly becoming to a woman who is not as slight as she would like to be.

## Trimmings of Fur.

There was no monotony about the arrangement of fur trimmings on the coats. Plain collars and cuffs were considered insufficient. The latter were sometimes located above the elbows; they did not always completely encircle the arm, there was a hiatus of several inches. Then there were the quaintly shaped *motifs* of fur that appeared on the sleeves and down the front; they were of short-haired pelts such as broadtail, musquash, and squirrel; naturally the collars matched. A revival was the crushed patent leather belts about 2½ in. wide.

## Mousse-Hopsac and Tweed.

The fancy names given by manufacturers to their productions signify little to the average woman, therefore it seems advisable to give a description of the materials. Coats were made of tweed in practically every weave and colouring, and the furs in all instances harmonized with the predominating shade. A new fabric suggests a mousse-hopsac; it has a rather rough surface and is seen in black

and colours, perhaps it looks its smartest in Persian reds and greens. There is another material that seems to belong to the faced cloth fraternity; it has a smooth surface but does not spot with the rain. It has been suggested that sealskin coats will be worn as soon as the cold weather arrives; it must, however, be remembered that they are not nearly as slimming as broad-tail. It will be interesting to see whether women will sacrifice their figures to fashion.

although a casual observer might imagine it the simplest thing in the world. It was the lingerie touches that imparted the indelible cachet. A toll had been levied on organdie, georgette, and piqué for their fashioning; they were trimmed with tucks, drawn-thread work, faggot stitching, and lace. Frocks with plain back and becoming rounded bolero fronts were very much liked. Sometimes narrow soutache was used for decorative purpose; this braid also appeared on the sleeves. Some of the Eton coats were embroidered all over with soutache. A few of these accessories were expressed in white georgette embroidered with black, and vice versa.

## Autumn Tailor-mades.

Nowhere is a more comprehensive collection of ensembles assembled than at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W. They are responsible for the three-piece model portrayed on this page. It is carried out in tweed, and although it is available in S.W., W., F.W., and O.S. sizes it is merely £7 7s. It consists of pleated skirt, cardigan, and long coat trimmed with krimmer. Another strong point in its favour is that it will remain undated indefinitely. There are other tweed ensembles for 5½ guineas; they have also skirts, cardigans, and long coats with musquash collars. Illustrations of these will gladly be sent gratis and post free, or one will be sent on approval on receipt of the usual trade references.

## School Outfits.

The time has come when school outfits demand immediate attention, therefore all interested in the subject must write for Swan and Edgar's (Piccadilly) catalogue entitled "Autumn Term School Outfits." It shows the excellent values offered throughout this firm's school departments; any garment may be purchased with the utmost confidence by post. By the way, it seems almost unnecessary to add that they are familiar with the requirements of all the leading public and preparatory schools.

## Maternity Frocks.

As there are many women who do not care to spend large sums of money on maternity frocks, a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that the Treasure Cot, 103, Oxford Street, W., are making a feature of the same for 3½ guineas; they are carried out in printed artificial silk, printed delaine or plain wool crêpe de chine, the collars and cuffs being of a contrasting shade of georgette. They are fitted with a simple adjustment which can be expanded by the wearer as required. By the way, this firm would be pleased to send their illustrated catalogues gratis and post free on application.



A FASHIONABLE AUTUMN ENSEMBLE

Carried out in tweed. It consists of pleated skirt, cardigan, and long belted coat trimmed with krimmer. At Dickins and Jones, Regent Street

Doubtless for hard wear natural musquash and pony-skin will retain their positions. Fur cloths will have their rôles to play; they tailor well, are inexpensive and decorative.

## The Black Frock.

It would seem from the Paris Openings that the black frock would be almost a uniform; it was very sophisticated,



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**Spécialité**  
**£6.6.0**  
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The RE-MODELLING of Furs on the  
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## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS PEGGY HEILBRON

Who is engaged to Mr. C. E. Davis, the International and 'Varsity runner, is the daughter of the late Mr. Hyam Heilbron. Mr. Davis gained his Blue at Cambridge University and represented the combined Universities in the mile against Harvard in 1923. He also appeared for South Africa at the Paris Olympic Games in 1924.

## An Irish Wedding.

The marriage arranged between Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, son of the late Dr. Guthrie of Tunbridge Wells, and Mrs. Guthrie of Annagh-Ma-Kerrig, Newbliss, Ireland, and Judy Bretherton, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Bretherton of Tunbridge Wells, will take place quietly on September 5 in Ireland.

## \* Marrying in September.

The marriage of Mr. John E. Rowlands and Miss Warwick

James will take place at St. Mary's Church, Hurley, Berkshire, on Tuesday, September 1, at 2.15; and Lieut.-Commander H. G. C. Stevens, R.N., will marry Miss Rosemary Francis at Dowton on September 14, at 2.30.

## Recent Engagements.

The engagement is announced between Francis Stuart Legg, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Legg of Leddicot, South Nutfield, Surrey, and Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir Maurice Sheldon Amos and Lady Amos of Ulpha, near Broughton-in-Furness; Mr. Terence Sanders, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, younger son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Robert Sanders of Buckland Court, Surrey, and of Ballinacourte, Tipperary, and Marion,

elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. A. W. Macdonald, Blarour, Spean Bridge, Inverness-shire; Mr. Henry Jurgens, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jurgens of De Mick, Brasschaet, Belgium, and Betty, younger daughter



MISS ELEANOR JARVIS

Who is to be married to-day (26th) to Mr. Terence Harrison, at See, North Devon, is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John H. Jarvis of Richmond, and god-daughter of Sir William and Lady Carter

of General Sir John and the late Lady Woon of Mostyn, Weybridge, Surrey; Lieut.-Commander Edward Scott Williams, R.N. (retired), elder son of Major Eustace S. Williams, J.P., of Deans Grove, Wimborne, Dorset, and Molli,

only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard T. Collingridge of The Grange, Neasden, and Tenga, Isle of Mull; Mr. John Gordon Henson of Boothby Graffoe, Lincoln, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Henson, Morton, Gainsborough, and Frances Eleanor, second daughter of Captain and Mrs. Walford of Green's Norton Park, Towcester, Northamptonshire; the Rev. Arthur Digby Sheffield, elder son of the late Rev. Frank Sheffield and of Mrs. Sheffield of Penn Grove, Hereford, and Alice Katharine (Gillie), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Malcolm Scott of 8, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W.; Mr. John L. R. Blunt, eldest son of Sir John Blunt, Bt., and Lady Blunt of Huntleys, near

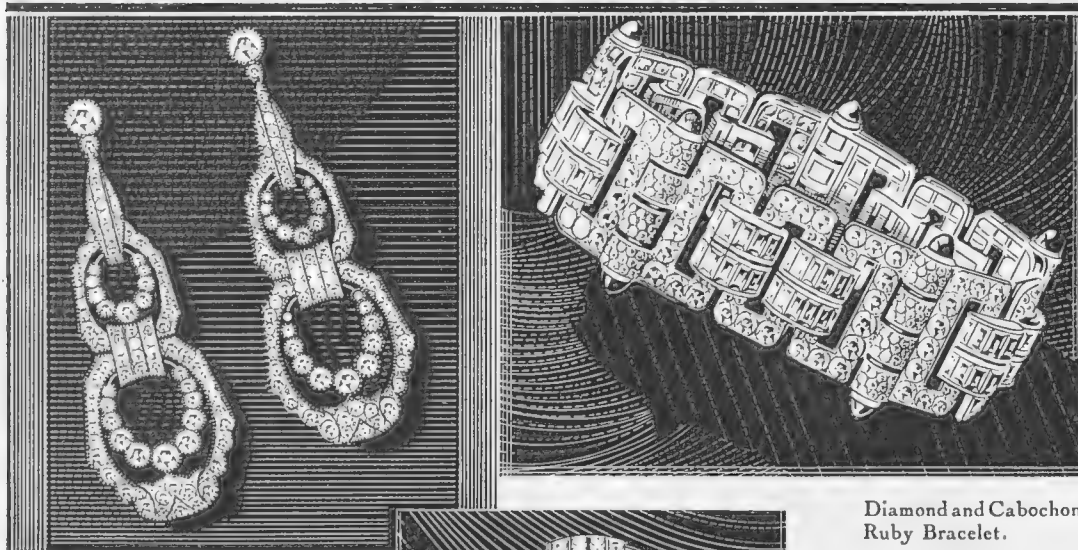
Tunbridge Wells, Kent, and Heather, youngest daughter of Captain Harrison - Broadley, M.F.H., Welton House, Brough, East Yorks, and Mrs. Harrison-Broadley, Gordon Lodge, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire; Mr. Robert Torriano Pritchard, late K.O.S.B. of Ceylon, elder son of the late Captain H. T. Pritchard and Mrs. Pritchard, Belton, Grantham, and Etheldreda Mary, eldest daughter of the late Major W. P. Standish, Cumberland, and Mrs. Standish, Bramdean Manor, Alresford, Hants.



MISS MARIAN GREIG

The only daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Greig, of Shaws, Cramond Brig, Midlothian, who is to marry Mr. John Alan Fraser Wallace, the youngest son of the late Major-General Sir Alexander Wallace, K.C.B., and Lady Wallace. The wedding will take place in November in Ceylon.

## The 'Mappin' Standard of Quality



Pair of Fine Diamond Earrings.

Diamond and Cabochon Ruby Bracelet.

Sapphire and Diamond Brooch.

It is difficult for the Public to gauge the correct values of Precious Stones, in which Purity, Colour, and Size play such important parts. And it is only by dealing with a Firm of Mappin & Webb's Reputation that complete confidence may be felt. Inspection of the 'Mappin' collection of Jewels will be welcomed.

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Photo by Lenare.

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☞ The model illustrated shows "JULIANNE," a smart Evening COATEE in "ARTVEL." Lined throughout satin, and cut on chic and becoming lines, this model is daintily trimmed with shaded sequins and diamanté. Made in ivory, black, straw, green and blue.

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## Polo Notes—continued from p. 376

the past season and the ready-made back-end of a 1933 International team (with Major H. N. Scott-Robson) this performance in the American Open, 1930, is worth noting. The Templeton team in 1930 was: Mr. R. Guest (1), Mr. W. F. C. Guest (2), Mr. L. L. Lacey (3), and Mr. H. Guinness (back). Half-way over Templeton were leading by two goals, and it was only after a really Titanic battle that they were beaten. The local critics said there was nothing in it in point of merit. "The New York Times" said: "All three members of the British International team who participated were vivid figures, for Lacey and Guinness as well as Roark had great moments." If my contention is right that we have had revealed to us during this season in London the back-end of our next International team, that of the Merchiston (Champion Cup winners) team, and we have another ready-made fixed point in Captain Roark, the task before our selectors does not seem as if it were going to be quite as arduous as it usually is. Our only chance, as always, is to catch 'em early, treat 'em rough, and send them out to America far sooner than ever we have done before. The only fair thing to any British International team is to let it have plenty of time in the actual theatre of war before it is required to take on the big battle. I do not doubt that we have the goods. In addition to Captain Roark and Mr. Guinness, Mr. Gerald Balding, our 1930 International No. 1, also figured in some of the post

International matches at Meadowbrook, notably in the Roslyn team in the Open Championship, who were put out 10 to 9 by the Hurricanes after as hot a battle as these two teams had had in 1929, when the match went to twelve chukkers before a decision was reached. In the Roslyn team Mr. Balding was the No. 3. He was not a success in our International team as No. 1, and those who saw the two matches said that it was a very general opinion that if we had had the right No. 1 it was well on the cards that that cup would now be over here. In a letter I got just after the matches this sentence occurred: "I really think that if the No. Ones had been switched, or if we had had a really efficient No. 1, we should have won both games."



AT NEWMARKET: "THE MONGRELS"

The team which was beaten 10 to 8½ by Green Lodge, Newmarket, in the recent tournament. The names, left to right, are: Mr. M. Botero, Mr. O. Botero, Mr. W. Hamner, and Mr. G. H. Lawrence

According to our friend "The Polo Monthly," the other possible starters for the American Open Championship will include:—"Roslyn," the winners of the Monty Waterbury Cup in 1930, with a very strong combination and excellent record, with the following line-up: Messrs. H. E. Talbott, Jun. (6 goals), Cecil Smith (8), H. W. Williams (7), and J. C. Rathborne (7). *Greentree*, playing in the famous Whitney colours, will include Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., and with him will be two strong young American players, Mr. J. H. Whitney (4) and Mr. S. B. Iglehart (7), and possibly one of England's Internationalists. *Sands Point* will include Messrs. James P. Mills (6), E. A. S. Hopping (8), and Mr. A. C. Schwartz (4)." Mr. Iglehart, it may be recalled, is an ex-unit of that wonderful "Boys' Brigade" Old Aiken, every man Jack of which was under twenty when the team went for the Open in 1929.

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**Y**OU sleep well at Grosvenor House—we've done everything to *make* you. You are quiet. You never hear the traffic; and cool, sweet air blows into your room from the Park. And if you are fond of a book in bed, you'll find the reading lamp above your bed *exactly* right—never a shadow is cast.

Typical of Grosvenor House—that attention to *small* things. For instance . . . you don't have to wait for service; there's a staff of servants on every floor . . . and your shoes are polished by a man-servant who knows *how* to polish shoes. Each bedroom, whether you take a suite, a flat or a single room, has roomy built-in wardrobes. Details, but *very* important for your comfort.

Next to your room—leading off your individual entrance hall—is your private bathroom. A bathroom to be lazy in, with a modern bath that's long and

wide. There's running iced water, too.

Now come into the heart of Grosvenor House—the great Lounge, with its generous windows overlooking Hyde Park. Sink into one of the deep settees and look around you. In that intriguing recess is one of the two cocktail bars—convivial places before luncheon or dinner . . . you will find Jim or Victor generous with gin and lavish with ice. Just down a few steps is the Tudor Grill Room, with oak walls and friendly mulioned windows. Some people say that you can't beat English cooking, and after lunching in the Tudor Grill, you'll

probably agree with them. At dinner you may prefer cooking with a Continental flavour, so you should dine or sup in the new Restaurant, and dance to Jack Harris's Grosvenor House Band—watching an amusing show in between the dances.

Yet in spite of being in Park Lane, the motto of Grosvenor House is "excellence without extravagance"; a single room costs but 21/-, a double room 35/-, a suite or a flat from 2 gns. Luncheon costs 7/6, theatre dinner 10/6, diner dansant 15/6 and souper dansant 10/6. So you see, you *can* make Grosvenor House your hotel.







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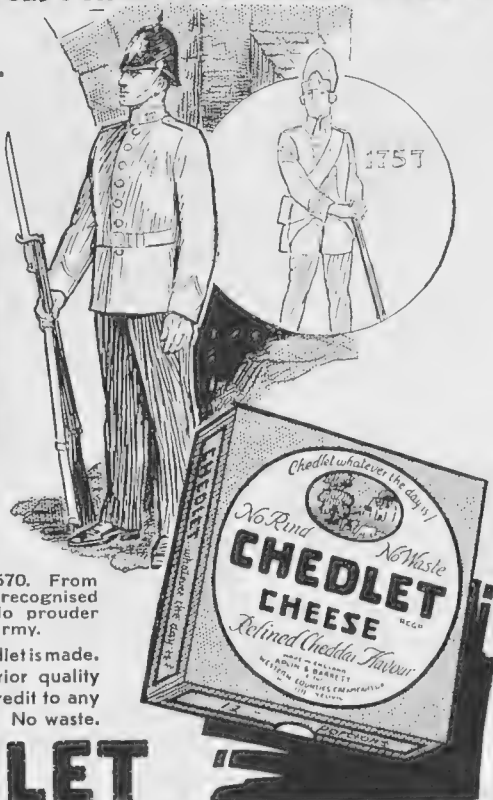
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**Petrol Vapour**—continued from p. 380

That is to say, these random notes need not necessarily stink of paraffin derivatives. Thus I shall inflict upon you a literally true yarn, dragging it in, like Velasquez, because this other pal o' mine once consulted me most seriously about the purchase of a motor-car (a very wet consultation it was) and then, very naturally, went off and bought the very thing I had told him not to touch with a scaffold-pole. He did not get it in the neck, but he got it in the pocket. Those, however, were boom years and a few hundred pounds mattered little to a stock-jobber. Now, we used to play golf together—the ordinary week-end stuff. And I had been in the habit of beating him consistently until I suddenly realized he was constantly beating me. At last I tumbled to the situation. There was "nothing doing" in the City and he was covering his two rounds every day of the week, to say nothing of the Sabbath, and putting in a lot of practice into the bargain. In two months he went from a poorish "Six" to a pretty formidable "Two." So that it was not long before I was rueing a lamentable outgoing of half-dollars, from which I could only get my discount by accepting pride-killing strokes. How I envied the man, following the love of his heart and with the best of excuses! T'other day I met him in the West End, the first time for many moons that I had not seen him in plus fours. The warm tones that only the open air can give blossomed upon his cheeks. His eye was clear and he strode manfully. Well-developed muscles disclosed themselves even through the contours of a lounge suit. "Well, Alec," sez I, "you're in the pink, and I'll bet you've achieved your ambition and are down to a legitimate scratch. Next time we play I'll take a third." "Don't talk of it, old boy," was his answer. "Things are that dam bad that I haven't been able to play at all for three months. You don't happen to know of a pawn-broker who specializes in carefully matched steel-shafted clubs, guaranteed to have been looked at by Walter Hagen and Tommy



THE STANDARD LITTLE NINE

A merry photograph taken "somewhere in the country"

Armour? No? Well, be a real mate and tell me where I can do the best deal. I've got a seven-seater — limousine and a five-seater — saloon (both Yanks) and I thought I might trade them for a small runabout." I could not help him except by giving a few tentative names. Brave man! He went into the arena, and he did come out with the tiny car he wanted, or rather his daughter wanted, and a few jimmy-o'-goblins. This is not often done. Not an hour ago he rang me up. "The Prime Minister," he said, "calls upon all classes to make a sacrifice. I'll play you to-morrow on the old terms (sez he), and if you win I'll report it to the Income Tax Commissioners."

**Melele**—continued from p. 382

kill Bull and so put the blame on me. I was a fool to think Tua would forget that Melele had lain in my arms as well.

"I ran from the hut, and from Melele's life, as she opened her eyes and gave a piercing shriek. I knew I didn't dare stay on the island. I sped to the lagoon edge, jumped into a boat and hid myself in a trader that was just about to put off. And that is how I left Lukala Kula—as I had gone.

And Melele . . . Melele . . ."

The man with the florid face stirred uneasily on his seat.

"You have—lived, my boy. And suffered." He ran his eyes over the young man's shabby clothes and pressed something in his hand as he prepared to go. "A little—something, for a very interesting story."

And as he walked towards the park gates he muttered to himself:

"Lukala Kula—Melele Kua, why, there's poetry in the very names. I'll write that story up myself and feature it in my magazine. It's a winner."

The young man smoothed out the two pound notes that had been pressed in his hand.

"Two pounds for nearly two thousand words," he muttered. "Not bad pay, really, but when I sent that yarn to that stout man a month ago he rejected it immediately!"

**Olympia—**  
1932  
**Models**



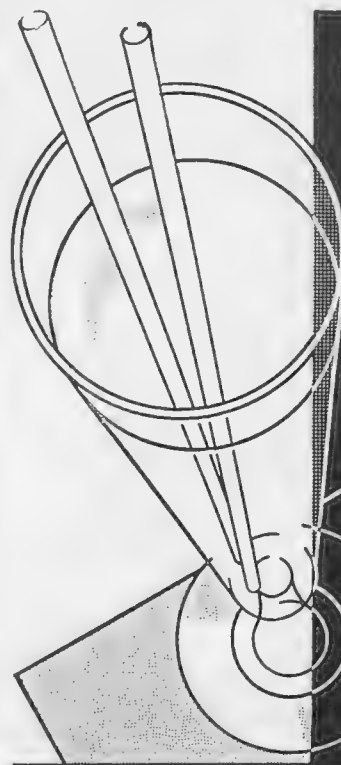
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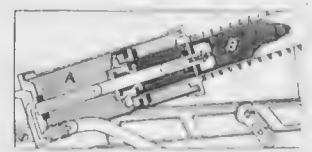
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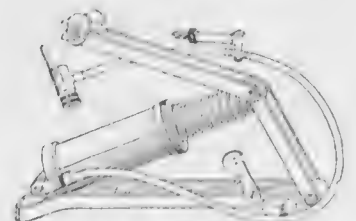
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## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

I am occasionally asked to recommend a breed of dog. The answer depends on the circumstances of the proposed owner. A person living a sedentary life in a town should not keep a terrier or a dog requiring much exercise, while an active dweller in the country would prefer one who likes a long walk. But there are so many different breeds that no one need deprive themselves of the pleasure and solace of a dog's company, who is prepared to look after it. French bulldogs make admirable town dwellers and so do the toy breeds. Again it is a mistake to think large dogs take up much room. They can curl up in an astonishingly small space and "stay put" in a way a smaller dog doesn't. But when all is said and done, it is a matter for individual taste and it is best to please yourself and keep the breed that appeals to you most.

Lady Kathleen Pilkington, our chairman, has in her day owned many famous dogs. She has lately brought out two French bulldogs, which bid fair to trouble the best, in Chevet Tinker and Chevet Smudge. Tinker, whose



BEDLINGTON PUPPIES

The property of Miss Carr



BETSY JANE

The property of Miss Little

photograph we give, is one of the best French bulldogs brought out this year and should easily attain the highest honours. He has won well in large classes whenever shown, and in addition to winning in his breed classes, he won in a class of fifteen any variety novice at Maidenhead. What makes this all the pleasanter is that Lady Kathleen not only bred these puppies but their mother as well. They are, of course, as well bred as possible, being by the late Champion Quarly Juggoo. We congratulate Lady Kathleen on breeding these two pups, who should go far.

Miss Carr has recently moved her kennel of bedlington terriers from London to Wokingham. She

sends a delightful photograph of some puppies she has for sale. She also has some good adult dogs fit either for show or as pals. Her new kennels are on the London Road, quite an easy run down, and she is always pleased to show these to any visitors. She will also trim bedlingtons—in London if required. The puppies are promising and beautifully bred. Bedlingtons are very much the fashion now and have much to recommend them, being game, intelligent dogs.

Miss Little's poms are well known to us all. She does very well on the bench and also, as all her dogs have her personal care, they are always successes as companions. She writes she has a nice orange dog pom for sale, which should make an excellent companion. The photograph is of her well-known winner Betsy Jane, who weighed

2½ lbs., and was always in the money when shown.

Of all the breeds of dogs none can excel the deerhound in grace and beauty. It is impossible for a deerhound to look, or be, awkward. These beautiful dogs are rapidly coming into favour again and, as to their beauty they unite charm of disposition. What more could be wanted? Mrs. Stratton writes she has two deerhound ladies—winners and house-trained—for sale cheap, as she is giving up breeding deerhounds for the present, so must dispose of them. This is a chance for anyone to start.

Some time ago I mentioned some kennels for sale in Hampshire. These are situated in a delightful district, and most suitable for dogs. They are still for disposal. There is a comfortable bungalow attached.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



CHEVET TINKER

The property of Lady Kathleen Pilkington

## Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time.

It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling

up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for £10 to help to maintain an old lady of seventy-two who in a few months' time will be given a vacancy in an almshouse and a small pension. For the past fifty years she has kept a small milliner's shop in an old-fashioned street in S.W. London. She has a small shop and two rooms and lives there all alone. She is greatly loved and much respected in the neighbourhood for her never-failing kindness and courtesy all around. But in spite of hard work and a most industrious life her business declined very much during the war, and in order to carry on she had to spend all her previous savings. In 1922 she met with a bad accident and was in hospital for many weeks. Lately trade depression and the large shops all around have told on her business, and for the last two years she has only cleared £20 to £30 for food, clothes, light and coal, etc. Added to this she now has cataract in one eye, and although she underwent an operation she is not able to continue her trade, for the old lady is altogether past work. She is very frail and undernourished, and £10 is urgently needed for this case until the much-coveted vacancy at the almshouse occurs.

The films this week at the New Gallery are *Black Coffee* and *The Lightning Flyer*. Austin Trevor takes the part of Hercule Poirot, the famous Belgian detective of fiction, in the film version of *Black Coffee*, Agatha Christie's story which had such a success recently on the West End stage. Trevor has made a big name for himself in parts of famous fiction detectives and played Hanaud, A. E. W. Mason's character, in two previous films. Adrienne Allen, most promising of all British feminine stars, C. V. France, and Elizabeth



Dorothy Wilding  
IN "WALTZES FROM VIENNA": MISS MARIE BURKE

Who has made a brilliant hit in the part of the Countess in that overwhelming success, "Waltzes from Vienna," which Sir Oswald Stoll has brought to the Alhambra and which is magnificently produced by Mr. Hassard Short

Allan play in support. The story concerns a stolen formula, and the curious murder of the inventor. *The Lightning Flyer* is an exciting railway drama starring James Hall and Dorothy Sebastian.

After an opening three days of business greater even than that of *Le Million*, *Le Chemin du Paradis* is retained at the Rialto Theatre, Coventry Street, London, W.1, for a second week, from Sunday, August 23. On the advice of Wilhelm Thiele, the brilliant director of the picture, fourteen explanatory English titles have been superimposed on the action to meet the requirements of every cinema-goer. Rialto audiences have received the picture exceptionally well, and if any laughter could exceed that which *Le Million* drew, then its successor has created it. *Le Chemin du Paradis* is accompanied by *First to Fight*, Slim Somerville's first four-reel starring comedy, which starts a new length vogue.

*River's End*, the screen version of James Oliver Curwood's exciting story of the same name, is generally released this week. A vigorous tale of the Great North-West, *River's End* has both action and suspense. An innocent man, accused of murder, is captured in the snowy wastes of the North by an officer of the Mounted Police, who proves to be his exact double physically. On the long trek back the captor dies, and the hunted man determines to impersonate him in an attempt to reach the coast and safety. The complications that ensue make *River's End* one of the most powerful and thrilling pictures ever screened. Charles Bickford is seen in the leading dual rôle of pursuer and pursued, while Evelyn Knapp, J. Farrell McDonald, David Torrence, Junior Coghlan, Walter McGrail, Tom Santschi, and Zasu Pitts make up the strong supporting cast of this picture.

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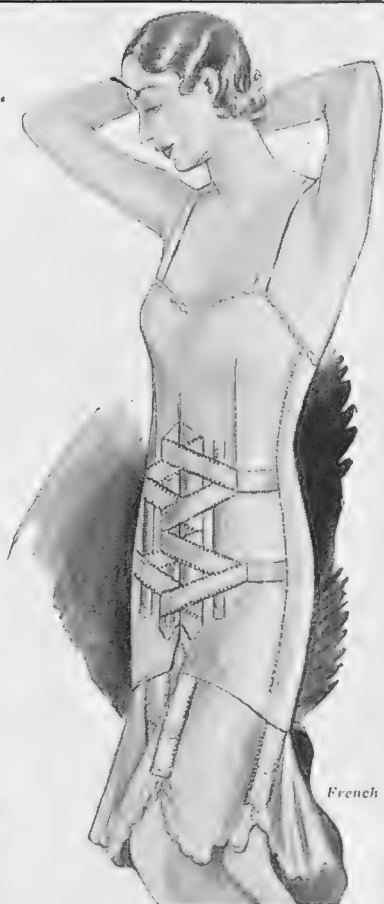
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33 in. ... 10/6 yard.

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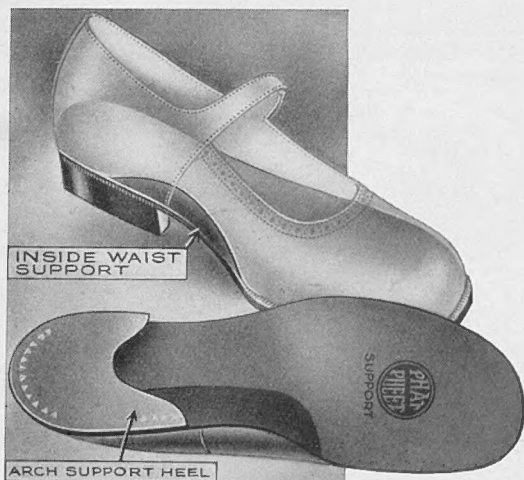
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OVER the early, critical years, when little feet are most sensitive to the right or wrong footwear, wise parents invariably turn to Daniel Neal 'Nature' shoes. These are specially constructed to correct any tendency to tread inwards or any little weakness of the instep arch. In this way the feet are allowed to function normally until the need for even this slight assistance shall have passed away. Illustrated above is a fine one-bar model, extremely well made, light and flexible. It is in tan willow calf in slender and normal fittings.

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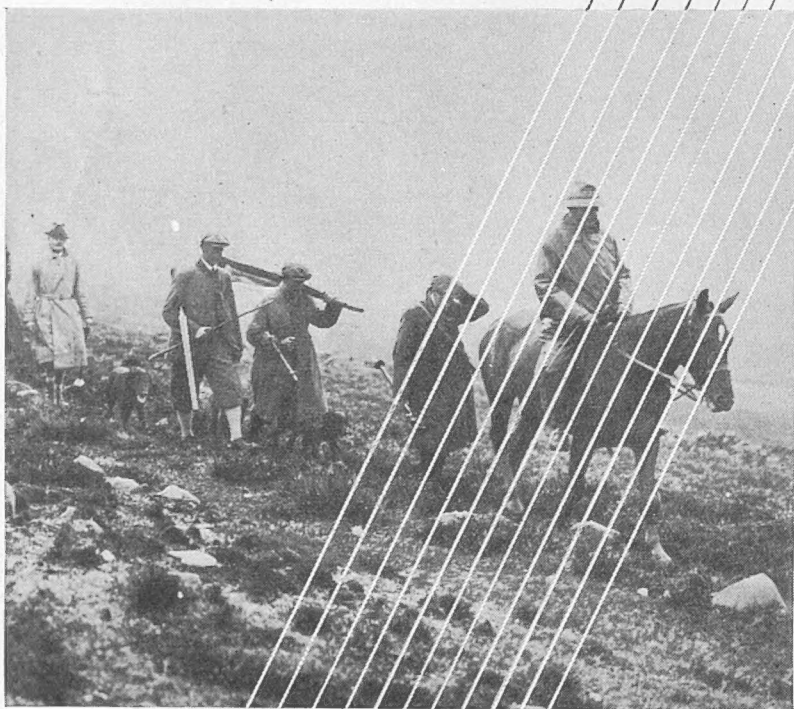
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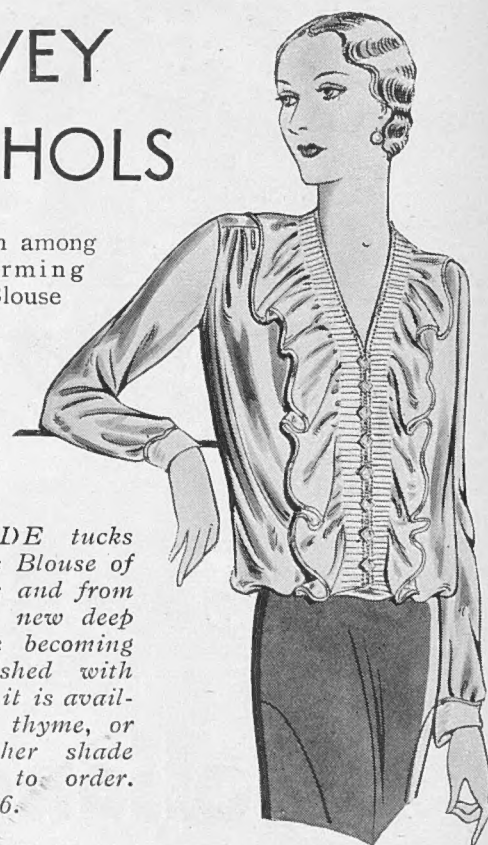


so take a  
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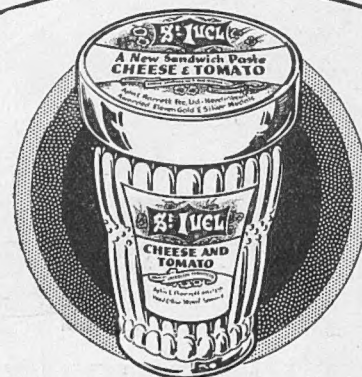


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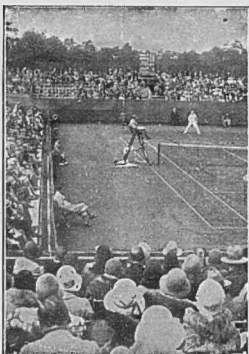
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## Limited Credit—Unlimited Courtesy

*Sir Edward*: "Hello, Bob! Sorry my horse lost . . . hope you didn't lose much."

*Bob*: "Nothing serious; as a matter of fact I got out on 'Poor Lad' yesterday, though I had a most unpleasant experience."

*Sir Edward*: "What over?"

*Bob*: "I had three accounts, £100 credit each. Lost the lot over your gee on Monday. I decided not to have another bet this week, so didn't intend sending cheques till settling day."

*Sir Edward*: "That seems in order."

*Bob*: "Yes, but when Archie told me to back 'Poor Lad,' I rang up one agent . . . wanted £50 on. He refused point blank—almost rudely: said he couldn't do any more business until he received my cheque."

*Sir Edward*: "Rather annoying. Surely he knew you were O.K."

*Bob*: "I rang up another man, and, although he was polite, he wouldn't accept my commission . . . said it was against his principles, etc."

*Sir Edward*: "By Jove, how awkward!"

*Bob*: "It was, until I spoke to my third agent and explained the circumstances. He was niceness itself. Simply stipulated that if 'Poor Lad' lost I should send him a cheque that evening. Come to think of it, he even asked me if £50 was sufficient."

*Sir Edward*: "And as 'Poor Lad' started at 9/1 you were on velvet. By the way, what was the agent's name?"

*Bob*: "Douglas Stuart."

*Sir Edward*: "I might have known that. It's typical of him. I always tell everybody there's only one man for *real* courtesy. It's because he always studies his clients' convenience and, in addition, gives them the option of betting at official Totalisator prices, with every facility and all on credit, that makes me so enthusiastic about 'Duggie.'"

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Write a personal note to  
"Duggie" now, and become  
an equally enthusiastic client.

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